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VIEWPOINT

By FRED WATTS

SHIFTING THE BALTIMORE ORIOLES TO WASHINGTON IS HARDLY A CAPITAL IDEA

Now that Edward Bennett Williams, the renowned Washington lawyer, owns the Baltimore Orioles, citizens of the nation's capital can't help but feel that it's only a matter of time before the Orioles are freed from that minor league town up Interstate 95 and moved to the baseball bigtime in the District of Columbia. How wrong they are. Not about moving—it's entirely possible that Williams will make that mistake—but in assuming that D.C. is big league territory. It isn't.

When Jonathan Yardley wrote about his beloved Orioles in SI's April 7 issue, he chastised Washingtonians for their arrogance in trying to steal the Orioles away, saying that D.C. fans should remember that they have twice been robbed of teams of their own: in 1961 by Minnesota, in 1972 by Texas. What Yardley failed to add—probably out of a sense of decency, not wanting to kick a dog when it's down—is that Minnesota and Texas gave the teams they swiped from Washington far greater support than the District ever did and that, based on past performances, Washington will not rally round the Orioles nearly as enthusiastically as poor old Baltimore has.

Consider these facts: in the 18 seasons (1954-1971) that the Orioles and two versions of the Senators played 40 miles apart—including a number of years when the Orioles, like the perennially lowly Senators, finished far down in the American League standings—Baltimore outdrew Washington every season, both before and after the Senators moved into RFK Stadium.

Further, the Orioles didn't merely outdraw the Senators; they smothered them. Washington never drew a million fans in a season and attracted more than 770,000 only twice; the Orioles never dropped that low and drew more than a million eight times. Their attendance was 60% higher over the 18 years.

This may be unnecessary piling on, but it's true: Washington holds the record for most major league franchises lost. And it's not two teams; it's six. Big league clubs died or left town after the following seasons: 1884 (two disappointed that year, one from the American Association, one from the Union Association), 1889, 1899, 1960 and 1971.

In short, despite sentimental protests from a small but highly vocal group of nostalgic Senators fans and the self-serving posturing of Congressional advocates of baseball for D.C., the cold truth is that Washington is a lousy baseball town, has always been a lousy baseball town and probably will always be a lousy baseball town. Keeping the Orioles in Baltimore is simply good business. **END**

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Shopwalk

by ARNOLD SCHECHTER

HERE'S A KRAZY WAY FOR FISHERMEN TO PUT MORE WIGGLES IN THEIR WORMS

Krazy Glue has always had a crazy image. One of its television ads shows a man wearing a hard hat dangling in midair from a grinder, held there by the glue on the hat. The commercial promises so much that the stuff sounds like the glue industry's answer to the Vegomatic.

Actually, Krazy Glue belongs to a remarkably versatile family of adhesives—the cyanoacrylates. In surgery, for example, these glues have many uses: they're employed in cornea transplants and stitchless suturing, among other things.

Now a spinoff product—Krazy Glue for Fishermen, Hunters & Campers—may create a mini-revolution in fishing. It's a non-toxic, non-corrosive liquid that bonds bait to hook in 10 seconds. While this may offend fishing purists, it does have some advantages. Safety: you worry about hooking fish, not fingers. Economy: worms and other bait can cost more per pound than filet mignon, and they slide off a hook all too easily, a three-gram tube of Krazy Glue will secure more than 100 pieces of bait for less than \$3. Performance: the glue works in salt or fresh water with almost any type of small bait. It's especially effective with live bait, because gluing allows the bait to give fish come-further wiggles long after the bait would've been dead had it been skewered.

One can use Krazy Glue, as they say, in a million and one ways—with knives for weak-fish or flake; to mold gobs of salmon eggs into food balls for perch or trout, to thwart fish like porpies or flounder, which are notorious for sucking bait off a hook. One can apply the glue to ensure that larger, impaled bait, like green crabs, stay hooked, or, in "fly-fishing" to affix a leader to the bottom of a live bug, which can then be set down to swim on the water's surface.

Krazy Glue can also serve as a pocket-size outdoor repair kit. It's not effective on completely non-porous surfaces, but it can be used to repair small splits in fishing rods, wooden handles and gunstocks, rubber boots and rafts, and canvas and vinyl tents.

The Krazy Glue folks are having a few laughs marketing their new product. One vice-president says that the glue's raison d'être is "to allow your bait to live long enough to fulfill its destiny," and for a time the company considered giving away 5¢ Kibb To Your Worm buttons. But the glue is so ingeniously practical, you have to wonder: Maybe these people aren't so crazy after all. **END**



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Find a way out of town but stay in.

Now head straight to some rails and follow them as far as necessary to meet a way named for an important Gold Rush

figure. Let it lead you to a way out of the city, but don't leave. (If you've made it this far, don't think things are looking up.) Now return to the last route you were directed



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Volkswagen's new Pickup: It's built like a truck, but drives like something else.

Where is it written that a truck has to drive like a truck? Certainly not on that brand new Volkswagen Pickup Truck. When it comes to going, a VW Pickup can pick 'em up and lay 'em down with the best of 'em. Under its aerodynamic hood is a very dynamic engine. A fuel-injected, overhead cam powerhouse that can outaccelerate even an MGB.

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bed construction for extra strength. And its heavy-duty suspension takes the tension out of hauling over 1100 pounds of stuff. So a truck is a truck is a truck, eh? Well, not if it's a Volkswagen Pickup Truck. Then it's something else.

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SCORECARD

Edited by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

NEW COURSES OF ACTION

The NCAA last week took action intended to prevent the sort of extension-course abuses that have been plaguing college sport in recent months. The Committee on Academic Testing and Requirements ruled that credits for extension and correspondence courses may be applied toward athletic eligibility only if the courses are offered by the athlete's school. Because the measure is regarded as an interpretation of existing rules, it takes effect immediately. The committee also recommended reforms that, because they involve rule changes, would have to be considered at the NCAA convention next January. It proposed that 1) academic transcripts clearly identify credits claimed for correspondence and extension courses; 2) transcripts be processed by an admissions officer or registrar rather than by the athletic department; and 3) the school president designate one official to assume all responsibility for certifying athletic eligibility, a step that presumably would remove such a determination from the athletic department.

Limiting credits for extension and correspondence courses to those offered by the athlete's school was one of the reforms proposed by John Underwood in his examination of the academic scandals (SI, May 19). But the problems outlined in that article are of such magnitude that this measure must be seen only as a beginning. For one thing, the new rule doesn't cover extension- or correspondence-course credits an athlete may have earned in junior college before enrolling in an NCAA school. Bill Hunt, head of the NCAA enforcement department, says legislation to close this loophole probably will be submitted at the January convention.

Meanwhile, the bogus-credit scandal at one school, the University of Oregon, received renewed attention last week when its president, William B. Boyd, announced his resignation. Reminded that when he assumed his job in 1975 he had expressed the view that a program of ath-

letic excellence would be of great benefit to the university, Boyd said, "I did not know the price we were going to pay. . . . And I would never have been willing to pay that price for any degree of success." Boyd, who on July 1 will become president of the Wisconsin-based Johnson Foundation, Inc., which conducts educational conferences, denied that his departure was motivated by Oregon's athletic scandal. But he said wistfully, "It is perhaps one of the charms of the new job that they do not have a football team."

ACCENTUATING THE APPROPRIATE

It's the occasional practice here to take note of people who have highly appropriate names. Among those who merit mention are a couple of umpires on Florida's college baseball circuit, Albino Batts and John Bull. Also deserving are Coatesville (Pa.) High's star pole vaulter, Robert Jump, and a sprinter for the same school, Sonia Runner. And let us not forget a medic who can minister to any aches and pains that Batts, Bull, Jump or Runner might suffer in the line of duty. Manhattan orthopedist Dr. Walther Bohne. Pronounced Bone, of course.

POW! KRUNCHE VARGOOM!

In 1939 a young cartoonist named Bob Kane created a comic-strip superhero who has since become part of American folklore, whooshing here and there in a vehicle known as the Batmobile. Now the creator of Batman has gone back to the drawing board to illustrate a jumbo-size, full-color, action-packed comic book chronicling the adventures of a real-life superhero, Richard Petty, who zooms about in stock cars. Entitled *The Racing Pettys*, it recounts the inspirational story of how King Richard drove old No. 43 to become the winningest NASCAR driver ever with the help of—who needs Robin?—his father, Lee, the family patriarch; brother Maurice and cousin Dale, both members of his crew; and his 19-year-old son

Kyle, himself a fledgling driver on the NASCAR circuit.

The Racing Pettys revels in its hero's early derring-do as a football and baseball star at Randleman (N.C.) High ("Look at the block the Petty kid threw") and melodramatically details the crashes ("KRUNCHE! FLIP! POW!"), disqualifications and illnesses he has endured during his racing career, not to mention his longstanding feud with the accursed Bobby Allison and his clan. "You hit me on purpose, Richard," snarls Allison following a bumping incident on the track. "Only after you hit me, Bobby," replies Petty, who, naturally, would never dream of starting any trouble.

Petty perseveres to win six Daytona



Batman figure © DC Comics Inc. 1980

500s and seven NASCAR championships, meanwhile doting on his children ("Kitchy, kitchy, coo," he says while playing with newborn Rebecca Petty), attending church socials and being elected a Republican commissioner of North Carolina's Randolph County. The comic book, which was produced by STP, Petty's sponsor, and sells for \$2.50 at raceway concession stands, neglects to mention persistent rumors that King Richard has it in mind to run for governor of North Carolina some day. Of course, such an eventuality could always be covered in a jumbo-size, full-color, action-packed sequel.

Holy Pit Stop, Richard.

THE INTRUDERS

As baseball's owners and players edged uncertainly toward this week's strike deadline, fans found themselves in their accustomed position of helplessness. Any 11th-hour settlement that the parties might have achieved was likely to be costly, giving the clubs yet another excuse.

continued



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as if they've ever needed one, to raise ticket prices. A strike figured to be far worse. Writing in this magazine in 1956, novelist William Saroyan lovingly described baseball as an "annual ritual, moving with time and the world, the carefully planned and slowly accelerated approach to the great reward—the outcome, the answer, the revelation of the best, the winner." Would this ritual now, in 1980, be disrupted?

Fearing that it would be, college students David Katzner and Michael Levin, who head an organization called FAST (Fans Against Strike Talk), showed up last week at the Manhattan hotel where baseball's labor negotiations were taking place to urge a settlement of the dispute. Such fan groups, complete with newsletters, dues and lofty talk of giving the ticket buyer a voice, are forever being formed. But most of them are as short-lived as the myfity, with an almost unbroken record of getting nowhere.

Katzner and Levin did nothing to disturb that record. FAST's founding fathers first approached Ray Grebey, the owners' chief negotiator, and assured him they represented nearly 20,000 petitioners who were opposed to a shutdown of the national pastime. Grebey replied that their complaint was with the players. They then confronted Marvin Miller, the head of the players association, and several of his players. Miller scolded Katzner and Levin, telling them that their no-strike platform was "non-union," and Reggie Jackson added that references to national pastime aside, "Baseball is a business." Mark Belanger sent them packing with these words: "If you think you're part of these talks, call [California Angel owner] Gene Autry and ask if you can be part of his business." Of his effort to present the fan's point of view to the two sides, a chastened Katzner later said, "It was a shattering experience."

MEDAL COUNT

Forty countries have now formally decided to boycott the Moscow Olympics, including, as of last week, West Germany. The decision by the West German Olympic Committee to follow the U.S.'s lead and keep its athletes at home means that the two leading sports powers in the western bloc will not be competing in Moscow.

Still, the boycott movement may end up dealing the Moscow Games more of a psychological blow than an athletic one.

It is a startling fact that of the 198 gold medals and 612 total medals awarded in the 1976 Games, the countries planning, at latest word, to compete in Moscow won 152 and 456 respectively. Even if the British and French Olympic committees reverse themselves and boycott, and if Japan, as expected, decides to stay away, those numbers would fall only to 138 and 409. These totals, of course, reflect the prowess of the Soviets and their allies, who won seven of the first 10 places in the unofficial national standings in Montreal. And those countries may be even stronger competing on what amounts to home ground in Moscow.

This suggests that, from an athletic point of view, boycott proponents may have overestimated the extent to which the Games, assuming they take place as scheduled, will be diminished by the absence of the U.S. and its friends. But then, it also suggests that boycott foes were being simplistic when they said, "We should teach those Russians a lesson by going over there and winning all the medals."

ITALY'S SOCCER SHOCKER

Fourteen more Italian soccer players and team officials have been suspended in a widening scandal involving charges of bribery and fixing games. The crackdown brings to 39 the number of those implicated in the scandal so far, among them Paolo Rossi, Italy's most popular player, and Bruno Giordano, with Rossi a member of the national team. The suspensions have so depleted rosters that a couple of teams have been forced to replenish their ranks with raw teen-agers.

The scandal has also had other effects. Soccer is said to be Italy's 10th biggest industry, and at one point during the 1978 World Cup, a record 30 million of the country's 55 million citizens were glued to television sets to catch the action. Since the first suspensions were announced in March, attendance at soccer games has dropped 30%, the sale of souvenirs and team photos has fallen off sharply and betting in the national soccer lottery has declined 17%. The scandal also threatens to cast a shadow over the European soccer championships, which will be held in Italy next month; many Italians who normally would be eagerly anticipating the championships now wish they would be held elsewhere. Meanwhile, better jokes are making the rounds. *Question.*

What are Italy's two most widely sold products? Answer: The Fiat 127 and the Lazio soccer team.

The shock waves touched off by the suspensions may seem surprising in a country well accustomed to allegations of corruption. Obviously, Italians consider the soccer scandal somehow different. Says a Rome shopkeeper, Bruno Castellini, "We expect people in power to be corrupt, but when soccer players cheat you—it's like being betrayed by your best friend."

SHARE AND SHARE UNALIKE

The average player's salary in the NBA is \$160,000, but in these inflationary times every little bit counts. Which may—or may not—explain why the Boston Celtics, with \$175,000 in playoff loot to carve up, voted full shares of \$14,000 to season-long team members but only a half share to trainer Ray Melchiorre and nary a cent to Assistant Coach K.C. Jones. It was with more than a touch of class that owner Harry Manginian, concerned lest the stiffing of Melchiorre and Jones cast dishonor on the proud Celtics, said he would make up the difference by giving Melchiorre \$7,000 and Jones \$14,000 out of his own pocket.

Melchiorre, whose salary reportedly is \$25,000, reacted with style, too. "I love my work," he said. "I try not to get too close to the players, but I do have a close relationship with some of them. This isn't going to affect my relationship with those people." Melchiorre apparently is out of the same magnanimous mold as Dick (Dr. Strange-glove) Stuart, the stone-fingered slugger who joined the Pittsburgh Pirates midway through the 1958 season and helped make them a pennant contender, only to be voted a meager half share of bonus money by his teammates, the same amount received by the bat boy. Asked about this seeming slight, Stuart said, "You must understand, he's a very good bat boy."

THEY SAID IT

● Corby Smith, 7-year-old son of Arizona's new football coach, Larry Smith, catching a look at the Wildcats' rugged 1980 schedule: "Dad, is that the real Notre Dame?"

● Gene Mauch, Minnesota Twin manager, on having a blood relative, Roy Smalley, on his team: "Sometimes I look on Roy as my nephew, but sometimes only as my sister's son." **END**

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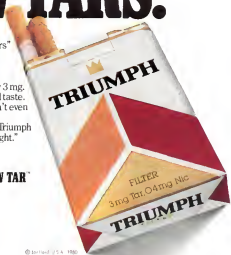
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ARMS AND THE MAN

With the Big Fella out, Magic Johnson was the Man. He came through transcendently as L.A. won the NBA title

by JOHN PAPANEK

Earvin (Magic) Johnson sort of waddled onto the court at Philadelphia's Spectrum and set himself in the center jump circle, fidgeting there for nearly a minute before anyone else was in position, trying to decide how to jump. "I didn't know whether to stand with my right foot forward or my left," he would say later. "Didn't know when I should jump or where I should tap it if I got to it." All the thinking and foot shuffling, the very idea of playing center for the first time since high school, made Magic Johnson giggle.

Caldwell Jones, the 7' 1" forward who jumps center for the 76ers, watched as Johnson got ready for the start of the sixth game of the NBA championship series and said to himself, "Hey, Wow! Really?" Magic grinned as they shook hands.

The 76ers knew, of course, that Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, the Lakers' indomitable center, was home in Los Angeles nursing the left ankle he had sprained two nights earlier during the 108-103 Game 5 victory that put L.A. ahead in the series three games to two. But the Sixers never expected to see a 20-year-old, 6' 9" rookie point guard lining up to jump center. *Giggling.*

In fact, it was hard to convince the 76ers that Abdul-Jabbar wouldn't suddenly materialize like some *connissed*

Magic deep-seated the Sixers and won the MVP award with a memorable 42-point, 15-rebound performance



Kareem got help from Trainer Jack Curran as he hobbled off with a sprained ankle in Game 5...

kind of genie. Just that afternoon their coach, Billy Cunningham, had said, "I'll believe he's not coming when the game ends and I haven't seen him. They could fly him in at any time by private jet or something." Indeed, all day, Philadelphia basketball fans had watched their highways and skyways in panic, and several Abdul-Jabbar sightings were reported, including one from a cabbie who called a radio station to say he had picked up Kareem at the airport and driven him to the Spectrum. At least one fan was heard to say before the game, "I know he's here. I don't know where, but I know he's here somewhere."

But at that moment, Abdul-Jabbar was home in bed some 3,000 miles away in Bel-Air, his sore ankle propped up on pillows, his companion Cheryl Patono beside him and Magic Johnson fidgeting on television before him. Kareem had received whirlpool and ultrasound treatment that day and felt he would be ready for Game 7 if necessary. He knew that the Lakers would be hard pressed to come up with anything like the 33.4 points, 13.6 rebounds, 4.6 blocked shots and explosive defense he had been providing in the series. And he also knew that without Spencer Haywood, the power forward who had been suspended for disciplinary reasons after Game 2, the Lakers would have but seven regulars available, only two of whom—Jim Chones and Mark Landsberger—had the kind of muscle needed to combat the 76ers' strong and deep front line of Caldwell Jones, Darryl Dawkins, Julius Erving, Bobby Jones and Steve Nis. Still, Abdul-Jabbar had a premonition.

"It takes time for a team to learn about an opponent," he said. "After five games Philly has done that. Now, all of a sudden I'm not there. Tonight they will see something completely different."

That they did, and so did everyone else who cared to watch.

As Referee Jack Madden threw up the ball for the opening tip, Magic had decided on his course of action. "I looked at Caldwell and realized he's 7' 1" and he's got arms that make him around 9' 5"," he said. "So I just decided to jump up and down quick, then work on the rest of my game."

Good thing, Caldwell Jones won the tip, but with the score 7-4 Lakers, Magic went to work. Like Bill Walton, Magic threw a scoring pass from the high post to Michael Cooper. Then, like Dave

Cowens, he used position to get a rebound, dribbled upcourt and hit a jumper from the foul line. Next, like Moses Malone, he drove by Erving for a bank shot. And then he drove to the hoop again. "That time I wanted to dunk it, like Kareem," he said. "But I saw Dawkins coming and I thought, well, I better change to something a little more..." he bobbed his head, stroked his fuzzy little goatee, flashed his elfin smile—"...magical." So he did. He hung in the air, double-pumped, made the layup and drew the foul. *Magical.*

The Lakers won the game 123-107, and thus the NBA championship without the most dominant player in basketball. Magic Johnson played 47 minutes, scored 42 points, hitting seven of 12 shots from the field in the first half, seven of 11 in the second, and 14 of 14 from the foul line. He had 15 rebounds, seven assists, three steals and a blocked shot. He was everywhere. He did everything.

"What position did I play?" he said. "Well, I played center, a little forward, some guard. I tried to think up a name for it, but the best I came up with was C-F-G Rover." Which means that a rookie three years out of high school played one of the greatest games in NBA playoff history at all five positions—center, point guard, shooting guard, small forward and power forward.

So stunning was Magic's performance that it somewhat eclipsed a brilliant team effort, just as Abdul-Jabbar has eclipsed so many of his teammates—Magic being the latest—over the years. Jamaal Wilkes happened to play his best game ever—including any in his championship season at Golden State in 1975—with 37 points and 10 rebounds. Chones had 11 points, added 10 rebounds and held Dawkins to 14 and four. Landsberger picked off 10 rebounds in 19 minutes, Cooper scored 16 points, and Brad Holland, usually a mop-up guy, scored eight very big ones. The Lakers ran Philadelphia near to death and outrebounded the 76ers 52-36—without Kareem, mind you—to finish the series with a devastating rebound advantage of 308-223.

"Before the game," said Wilkes, "I thought our chances of winning were 10% to 15%. But it's gratifying to be able to show the country that this is a great team, even without Kareem."

"It was amazing, just amazing," said Erving, with 27 points the only 76er to play anything approaching a



... but he hobbled back and made this winning jam with .33 left—and added the free throw.

decent game. "We went over everything they do when Kareem's not there, and still we couldn't do anything about it. They wanted to show us they were not a one-man team and got maximum effort. Magic was outstanding. Unreal." Doug Collins, the 76ers' former All-Pro guard, who missed the playoffs with a knee injury, couldn't get over Magic. "I knew he was good but I never realized he was great," said Collins. "You don't realize it because he gives up so much of himself for Kareem."

In 1977, the year most of these same 76ers lost the NBA championship to Portland, Johnson was leading Lansing's Everett High School to the Michigan Class A championship. A year later he turned Michigan State from a 10-17 doormat to an NCAA regional finalist. And in 1979 as a sophomore he took the Spartans to the national championship and was the tournament MVP. Now, one year after that, he single-handedly wins the final game of the NBA championship and is voted the Most Valuable Player of the playoffs.

"Magic thinks every season goes like that," said interim Laker Coach Paul Westhead. "You play some games, win the title and get named MVP."

The issue of MVP—decided by seven writers and broadcasters—was a touchy one among the Lakers. Virtually everyone agreed that the rightful recipient should have been Abdul-Jabbar, that the MVP was a bone thrown to Johnson because he will finish second to Boston's Larry Bird as Rookie of the Year—which, in the light of Magic's playoff performance, will forever seem ridiculous—while Abdul-Jabbar will win his sixth regular-season MVP award.

One thing certain is that Johnson wouldn't have had the chance to do what he did in Game 6 were it not for Abdul-Jabbar's performance—and injury—in Game 5. The Lakers led by two when Kareem wrenched his left ankle with four minutes left in the third quarter and hobbled to the dressing room. Johnson, who had had a desultory game at that point, ignited a Laker blitz, scoring six and assisting for two of the next 12 points to expand the lead to eight. He would finish with 14 points, 15 rebounds and 10 assists. But it was Abdul-Jabbar, hobbling

back to a thunderous ovation in the fourth quarter, who won the game, scoring 14 of his 40 points on the bad ankle, including a three-point play with 33 seconds left to break a 103-103 tie.

Despite the victory, the atmosphere in the Forum was grim. Kareem was rushed out for X rays—a fracture was feared. His last words to the team were, "We got three. We only need one more now."

The next morning the newspapers reported that the X rays were negative, so the Lakers were shocked when they arrived at the airport for the flight to Philadelphia and learned that Abdul-Jabbar wouldn't be going with them.

Westhead tried to keep things positive. "It should be interesting," he said, perhaps whistling in the dark. "Pure democracy. The king's on leave. We'll go with the slim line." The slim line meant Magic up front with Wilkes and Chones, with Cooper and Norm Nixon in the backcourt.

Magic, the Lakers' own merry prankster, took it from there. Boarding the first-class section of the plane, he plopped himself down in the first seat in the first

row on the left-hand side, the seat everyone on the team knows as Kareem's seat—always. Magic turned around and grinned. He was asked if he was going to shoot Kareem's sky hook, too. "No," he said. "I shoot the magic hook." He said, "Jim Chones, don't you worry if your man gets by you. No. 33 [Kareem's number] will be there to help." Magic was like a kid all dressed up in his daddy's clothes.

The Lakers needed Magic's laughter, for it had been a difficult week, starting with owner Jerry Buss' surprise announcement that Laker Coach Jack McKinney—injured in a bicycle accident last November and off the bench since—wouldn't be returning next season. So the team headed East without Kareem and wondering if Westhead, suddenly a prime candidate for any NBA coaching vacancy, would be returning next fall.

Magic nevertheless prepared for the game in his usual way. "Hopped in my bed, told the operator to hold the calls, took my box, turned on my tunes and jammed. And dreamed up a little bit of the game."



Landsberger went muscle-to-muscle with Dawkins in Game 6, holding his own against Sir Slim.



Westhead got a whale of a game from Wilkes

"In the dream I had the ball. I made the shots. I got the boards. I did what I came here to do."

In his dream he was Kareem for a day. "Before the game," said Westhead, "I told the team, 'Everybody expects us to be courageous tonight. We're not here to be courageous. We're here to win.' They all looked at each other as if to say, 'That's a good idea.'"

The Lakers jumped out to a 7-0 lead and then to 11-4 before the Sixers got a single point from their front court. Few in the Spectrum thought this would go on for long. In the Sixer victories in Games 2 and 4, Dawkins had gotten 51 points. Without Abdul-Jabbar to menace him, there was no telling what he might do. What he did was choke. He took only nine shots, and scored a measly 14 points. Still, the score was close until midway through the second quarter, when Erving and Mix finally attacked inside for 16 points and the 76ers went ahead 52-44. Westhead called time-out. He wanted more collapsing in the middle on defense, more rebounds and more running.

Two lightning fast breaks and two baskets and two free throws by Holland pumped L.A. back up and the Lakers left the floor at halftime tied at 60.

"By the second half it really got hard for me," said Abdul-Jabbar. "It was real nervous time. I was sweating badly. Not your classic fan reaction. I had to turn off the sound. I couldn't believe what I was hearing. 'Darryl Dawkins with eight points and two rebounds.' I said, 'What?'

I wanted the Lakers to win but the way they were doing it was so strange. I mean, they were running all over the place. The 76ers were so slow. It didn't make any sense. I couldn't listen to the explanations I just had to watch."

The Lakers scored the first 14 points of the second half—Magic, Cooper, Wilkes, Cooper, Wilkes, Magic, Wilkes. Wilkes got 16 in the third quarter. The Sixers were nowhere.

But by the fourth quarter the Sixers, and reality, came creeping back. Erving hit two quick jumpers. Caldwell Jones dunked. Bobby Jones hit a 14-footer, and the Laker lead was 103-101 with 5:12 left. Westhead called another well-placed time-out. He gave a pep talk to Magic and Wilkes, the only Laker who had been in a championship game before. "I was tired," said Magic. "Really tired. But I ran through it." He tapped in a fast-break miss by Cooper, and then Wilkes drove the lane, drew a foul and made a three-point play. The Lakers were up by seven only 1:16 after the time-out.

"After Jamaal's three-point play," said Kareem, "I ran out into my yard and screamed. Then I came back and chewed on a pillow."

From seven points, it went back to five, but then the Lakers won running away, Magic scoring nine points in the last 2:22. The next thing Abdul-Jabbar knew, Magic was talking to him on the television screen. Kareem turned up the volume. "We know you're hurtin', Big Fella, but we want you to get up and do a little dancin' tonight," Magic said.

In Bel-Air, Abdul-Jabbar got up and did "a little hippy-hop step," he said. Was there not even a tinge of regret that the championship he had worked so hard for was won while he was absent?

"Not at all," said Kareem. "In the Islamic culture we call that Kismet. Something that is fate. I was meant to be here, and Earvin was meant to have that game. It reminded me of the kind of game Oscar Robertson used to play in college, when he would score 56, get 18 assists, 15 rebounds, when he used to do it all. Just one man playing against boys. Except that Earvin was just one boy playing against men."

The Laker victory party started at the Spectrum, continued at the hotel and on the plane back to Los Angeles on Saturday morning. Magic, as usual, was the music master. "From center to point

guard to E.J. the deejay," said Westhead.

"E.J. the deejay," said Magic in his deep deejay voice. "Goin' to Noo Yawk for the MVP thing, then back home to do some partyin' and play third base for the No. 1 softball team in Lansing—the Magic Johnsons! To be me, just plain Earvin Johnson again. Oh, maybe they'll congratulate me, you know, for one or two days, but then it'll be over. We'll be singing on the street corners again. This season—wow!—97 games. Exciting, crazy and fun. A lot of love for each other. A great experience. I learned a lot and—we're the world champs. Wow!"

The long flight went quickly. No one slept. At the L.A. airport a crowd was gathered on the tarmac. The airplane door opened but before anyone could get off a big man in cowboy duds—denims, a cowboy hat, red bandanna—came aboard. Abdul-Jabbar Norm Nixon yelled, "It's Billy Jack!"

Kareem silently hugged each one of his happy teammates, then stood straight up in the cabin and yelled at them in mock anger, "You didn't even wait for your boy!"

END



At the end, hugs all around from the Magic man



Stieb gave Toronto 11 superb innings in Game 2, but Oakland hung tough, triumphing in the 14th

STRANGERS IN THE LIMELIGHT

Up and kicking, Toronto and Oakland staged a May Classic with October zest

by STEVE WULF

The only things missing were the bunting draped over the box seats and Bowie in his thermals. Well, maybe not the only things, but, hey, this was the May Classic the Toronto Blue Jays and Oakland A's were playing at Exhibition Stadium, or, as it is sometimes called, the Ex. The Ex marked the spot for the battle for supremacy in the American League between the Jays, as in juggernaut, and the A's, as in awesome. They were so evenly matched that it took 11 innings for Toronto to win the first game of the three-game series, and 14 innings for Oakland to take the second. The third

went the conventional nine, with the Blue Jays winning an unconventional 12-1 lougher. Yes, you can throw out the record books when these two monsters get together. As befits a preview—would you believe?—of the A.L. championship series, there were great pitching performances, sparkling fielding plays and clutch hits. But then, these have always been the hallmarks of fine ball clubs.

Seriously, folks, the Blue Jays and A's are good, or at least a whole lot better than the Bozoes who lost 217 games between them last year and finished a combined 84½ games out of first place. The two teams have been the delightful surprises of this young season, bobbing in and out of first in the A.L. East and West. And if the owners and players can't settle their differences soon, the season may remain forever young. So, with a strike in the offing, this series took on magnified importance.

The secret to both Oakland and Toronto's heady status this season is pitching. Last year they ranked 25th and 26th in the majors, disrespectedly, but now the A's are second and the Jays third. Oakland throwers have been laying green and

golden goose eggs all over the place, while Toronto Manager Bobby Mastick has three starters, Dave Stieb, Paul Mirabella and Jim Clancy, with ERAs under 3.00. There didn't figure to be much scoring in the semi-epochal series.

On Friday night the A's went with Mike Norris, who has the Cy Young Award locked up already. He came into the game with a 5-0 record, a 23-inning scoreless streak and the ludicrously low ERA of 0.36. His opposite number was Jesse Jefferson, a pitcher with stuff but also with a 6.05 ERA. The teams went into the 11th tied 0-0. Jefferson had the A's striking out and flying out all night. Norris, meanwhile, extended his scoreless string to 33 innings and lowered his ERA to a preposterous 0.30. His screwball, his curveball, his fastball and even his funkball—an incredibly slow scrap of junk—had the Jays baffled. With two out and runners on second and third, Roy Howell crept up on the plate and picked off Norris' screwball before it could screw, lining it through the hole on the left side. The Blue Jays went bananas, but then, that's pennant fever for you.

Having beaten the A's ace, the Blue Jays sent their own out on Saturday. Stieb came into the game with a 4-1 record and a 2.23 ERA. Pitching for the A's was Matt Keough, who is by Hard Luck out of Misfortune. Last year, as was well documented, he lost 14 games in a row. His 5-3 record this season would seem to be a vast improvement, but in fact he is pitching better than that. Keough took a 2-1 lead into the ninth, but with two outs fate again intervened. With nobody on, Willie Upshaw reached first on an error by First Baseman Dave Revering. Then Howell—ham again—reached out and drove the ball just inside third. The ball took a detour through the Blue Jays' bullpen, while the Toronto relievers elaborately danced out of its way, and Rickey Henderson, the leftfielder, stopped pursuing it because he thought someone had interfered with it. Dwayne Murphy, coming over from center, finally retrieved it, but by this time Upshaw had scored and Howell was chugging home. Murphy's throw was right on target and in plenty of time, and Catcher Mike Heath knocked Howell sil-

Toe down, bat up, Oakland's Henderson offers a try strike zone, which is why he waits so much

ly with the tag. The A's, led by Manager Billy Martin, screamed that Howell's hit should have been ruled a double, but to no avail. About this time people in the stands were wondering if they might have to miss the running of the Preakness. A few innings later they were wondering if they might have to miss the Belmont, too.

Stieb relinquished the ball after the 12th, having thrown more than 160 pitches, but Keough was holding onto it for dear life. "You don't remove a guy who's pitching his heart out," Martin said later. Finally, in the 14th, the A's reached Reliever Joey McLaughlin for two runs on a single by Dave McKay, who alertly scooted to second when the ball got away from First Baseman John Mayberry, an intentional walk to Murphy, an RBI single by Jeff Newman and a double by Mickey Klutts. The temptation to call it a Klutts hit is overwhelming. Keough set the Blue Jays down in order in the bottom of the 14th, and after 181 pitches he had his sixth complete game in his last seven starts.

"We needed this win," said Keough. "We can't afford a long losing streak. I'm sorry to have to beat the Jays, though. I'm happy they're doing well because I know what it's like to be laughed at. I hope they win every game but the ones they play against us."

Keough didn't get his wish the next day. The Blue Jays emerged from a fog, literally and figuratively, to batter Oakland starter Rick Langford. A strange mist enveloped the field at game time, delaying enough that there was no rain between the second and third batters. After it cleared, Al Woods knocked in five runs and Otto Velez three, while Mirabella held the A's in check. These Blue Jays can beat you so many ways.

It would be a slight exaggeration to say that the cities of Toronto and Oakland have been turned on by their urchins, but those communities assuredly have been awakened. "I can remember coming to bat and actually hearing conversation in the stands, it was that quiet here," says Bob Bailor, the Blue Jays' jack of all trades and their first pick in the expansion draft. "And they weren't talking about baseball, either." Progress moves a little slowly in Toronto. The Ex



is the only dry ball park of the 26 in the big leagues, even though Labatt's brewer owns 45% of the club. The fans are getting impatient, though, both for a winner and a brew. The Argonauts of the Canadian Football League and the NHL Maple Leafs are now almost as laughable as the Blue Jays used to be, and the fans can't even drown their sorrows. As a banner plaintively asked during Saturday's Game of the Week telecast, HEY, IF YOU'RE CAN YOU BELIEVE STILL NO BEER?

But the town has begun to take to the Blue Jays. George Holm, the director of ticket operations, reported two calls last week from season subscribers who were worried about getting seats for the playoffs. A headline in the *Toronto Star* read PESKY YANKS KEEP UP WITH JAYS, and newspapers have been keeping track of the magic numbers.

Interest is up in Oakland, too, where the A's are already 81,000 ahead of last year's attendance. It took the Oakland Coliseum 42 dates in 1979 to draw the gate it has had in 18 games this year. One Saturday home game that wasn't blacked out locally drew only 7,062 fans,

but that was the day Martin pulled a triple steal and two steals of home. The next day 18,217 people came to see him try it again.

It could happen to a nicer guy than owner Charles O. Finley, who has mercifully remained out of the picture. Well, almost out of the picture. Last Friday night, on Martin's 52nd birthday, the scoreboard in the Ex flashed a message: BILLY MARTIN, YOUR GIFT IS ON THE WAY. CHARLEY O. IS WISHING MARTIN HAPPY BIRTHDAY. I hope he sent some runs."

Martin is clearly enjoying himself, although he would've been a lot happier last week if he hadn't lost three one-run games in a row. He doffs his cap to the fans when they boo, he jokes with spectators in the box seats, he's even taken to coming to the ball park early to hit fungoes. How long he remains the charmer, or how long the A's and Jays stay up there, doesn't really matter. Right now the two teams feel like champs.

"All we wanted to do this year was not lose 100 games for the first time," says Toronto President Peter Bavasi. "Let's enjoy this high altitude for however many hours it lasts."

BUMP AND RUN IN THE PREAKNESS



Genuine Risk's jockey cried foul when Codex grazed her at the top of the stretch en route to his win at Pimlico

by WILLIAM NACK

Steward J. Fred Colwill, looking lost and bewildered, is standing at the window of the lofty aerie that is the steward's stand at Pimlico and staring across the racetrack far below him. He is waiting for the 10th race to go off at Old Hilltop, but there is more of the immediate past than the present on his mind right now. He is listening, grimly expressionless, as steward Edward Litzenberger takes the calls that have somehow found their way through the overworked Pimlico switchboard to their quarters.

"You sound like a jerk, the way you're talking," Litzenberger says to a caller. "Gentlemen don't use that kind of language." Click.

Here comes another: "Well, that's your opinion," Litzenberger says. "Now I must say that's your privilege. Good." Click.

And another: "You're entitled to your opinion. What do you base that opinion on?" Pause. "Really? Really? When did this bumping and hitting take place?"

Hanging up the phone and shaking his head, Litzenberger finally makes what is surely his most unerring observation of the day: "This is beginning to sound like a talk show."

Just 20 minutes before, as part of one of the most controversial episodes in Triple Crown racing, the four Pimlico stewards—Colwill, Litzenberger, Clinton Plets and Lawrence Lacey—had decided unanimously to let stand the order of fin-

ish in last Saturday's Preakness Stakes. Codex, the California invader owned by the Tartan Stable, had crossed the finish line 4½ lengths in front of the Kentucky Derby winner, Genuine Risk. He had drifted into the filly coming off the turn for home—just as she was gaining on the colt—and had carried her out toward the middle of the track, effectively thwarting any challenge she might have mounted against him. What made the incident even more an issue was that it was clear, on videotape replays of the race, that Codex' rider, Angel Cordero Jr., had glanced back and obviously had seen the filly coming before Codex started to drift, thus raising the nasty suspicion that he had deliberately let Codex swing wide to carry her out. As if this were not enough, Genuine Risk's jockey, Jacinto Vasquez, charged in lodging a foul claim that Cordero had struck the filly on top of her head in the course of his right-handed whipping.

If it was not absolutely clear from viewing the race or replays of the incident on TV that Cordero had indeed struck Genuine Risk with his whip, it was perfectly evident that Codex had carried her out and left her hanging in the middle of the racetrack. The race and the replays were seen on TV by upwards of 30 million people, and many got immediate corroboration of what they thought they saw when Eddie Arcaro, doing color for the ABC telecast, ven-



tured that, if he were a steward, he would have taken Codex' number down. When the stewards sustained the order of finish, the switchboard at Pimlico lit up with calls of protest.

What had promised to be one of the most memorable races in recent years thus dissolved into a moment within the race, one darkened by a shadow as long as the 1,152 feet of the Pimlico home-stretch. For this Preakness had what no other Preakness had ever had—a filly, the first in 65 years to win a Kentucky Der-

by, making a race for it in the second leg of the Triple Crown. And she was no fluke, no dainty little thing who had beaten a bunch of bad colts. The knock of a few months ago, that this was a mediocre crop of colts, wasn't valid in May. She had won the Derby in a powerful, decisive performance, one that not merely set her apart from other members of her generation but also suggested, emphatically, that she might be among the very best fillies ever bred in this country. After Genuine Risk beat Rumbo by a length in the

Derby—and he wouldn't have caught her if they had run twice again around Churchill Downs—one of the few colts given any chance to beat her was Codex, the winner of the Santa Anita and Hollywood Park Derbies, who early this spring had emerged as California's dominant 3-year-old.

Codex hadn't been nominated to the Kentucky Derby, and, in fact, it was only through fate that he was entered in the Preakness. Last February, when racetracks were soliciting nominations to the spring classics, the director of publicity for Churchill Downs, Bill Rudy, traveled to California to round up horses for the Derby. One morning at Santa Anita he asked trainer D. Wayne Lukas, who conditions Codex for the Tartan Stable, which of his nine 3-year-olds he wanted to nominate, at \$100 apiece, for the Derby. Lukas took the list and checked off five nominees. Next to Codex' name Lukas wrote, "No." Then a few days later, when Keeneland Race Course's Ted Bassett came by soliciting nominations for the Blue Grass Stakes, Lukas wasn't at the barn. But his 22-year-old son, Jeff, was. Bassett had assumed that Lukas would nominate the same five for the Blue Grass as he had for the Derby. Jeff, however, added Codex to the Blue Grass list.

"My dad doesn't know how good Codex is," Jeff said. "If he won't pay the nomination fee, I will." When the Pimlico solicitor came by soon after, Jeff nominated Codex for the Preakness, too. And that is why the chestnut son of Arts and Letters, America's Horse of the Year in 1969, missed the plane to Louisville but made it to Baltimore.

Actually, there hadn't been much to recommend him as a 2-year-old. He had run seven times as a baby but had won only twice, earning \$25,576. For one

race, in fact, Lukas had shipped him to Pomona, a half-mile balling run by the Los Angeles County Fair Association. He was fourth there, beaten by three-quarters of a length. It's a long way from Pomona to Pimlico on Preakness Day.

"He started to show signs of being good," said Lukas, who once coached high school basketball in LaCrosse, Wis., "but he never seemed to put it all together. He was like a big freshman athlete. When I was coaching, I told my assistants, 'Don't spend all your time with the 5' 9" guy who's dribbling behind his back and running here and there. The 6' 6" freshman who is staggering around and can't tie his shoes and can't hold the ball, spend it with him. If you wait three years, you can't find the little guy on Saturday night, and the 6' 6" guy is throwing them in from everywhere.'"

Signs that Codex was more than just a useful sort came last winter at Santa Anita in his fourth start of 1980. Leaving the gate in an allowance race, he dragged his rider, Pat Valenzuela, to the lead and galloped home to win by more than five lengths, racing the mile and a sixteenth in 1:42, only two-fifths longer than it had taken Raise a Man, a Derby contender at the time, to win the San Felipe Handicap the day before.

Lukas was mildly ecstatic, because the race had taught him what he had wanted to know about Codex, had told him that he had found the key to the colt—the training pattern that best suited Codex' temperament and needs. "We discovered," says Lukas, "that he liked his works to be short, to be fairly slow, and that he liked them spaced further apart than the average horse. We also found out he likes to run his own races. You find these things through trial and error. This is what Codex wanted."

What he wanted, he con- continued



On the turn for home (top left) Codex, on the inside, bore out, seemingly unopposed Genuine Risk. They appeared to brush for a moment (above) before Codex pulled strongly away and defeated the filly by 4 1/2 lengths.



timed to get. He worked an easy half mile in :48½ on March 26, and four days later, at 25-1, he was clearly the ablest 3-year-old in California when he won the Santa Anita Derby by a neck from Rumbon, running the nine furlongs in a fiery 1:47½.

Lukas is a 44-year-old former rodeo cowboy who became the nation's leading conditioner of quarter horses. "I had done about all I could do in the quarter-horse business," he says. "I'd go to Santa Anita and think, 'I'd like to try these guys.'" Three years ago, with seven horses, he made the move, joining the thoroughbred community in California. He arrived with a flourish. He trimmed his barn with white picket fencing, beds of flowers and freshly painted feed tubs, which he uses only for decoration; he feeds with other tubs. Some racetrackers regarded him as all flash, no pan, and his volubility and air of self-confidence stirred resentment. But Lukas quickly began demonstrating that he was learning the running game. Now in 1980 he is the leading U.S. trainer in money won.

Like every horseman, Lukas had an eye cocked for a Derby horse. And suddenly he discovered that he had one, yet didn't. "I felt an emptiness," he says. "I've never watched the Derby on TV without swelling up inside. And here I was going to watch it on TV again and

with a genuine contender in my barn."

So Lukas set his sights on the Preakness, but he knew that the manager of Tartan Stable, John Nerud, who believes the classic 3-year-old races come too early in the year and whose say would be decisive, would probably be inclined to keep the colt in California. On May 5, the Monday following the Kentucky Derby, Nerud flew to California to have a look at the Tartan horses, especially Codex, whom he hadn't seen in more than two months. What he saw was a nicely balanced, beautiful horse, with powerful quarters, good bone and a striking coat.

The next day, after watching Codex gallop, the two men were driving toward San Diego in Lukas' Mercedes when Nerud said, "Your horse looks good. You'd like to run him in the Preakness, wouldn't you?"

"Yeah, John, I really would," said Lukas.

"I'll tell you what. If you can make the travel arrangements, go ahead."

So Lukas was off to Pimlico. The colt arrived on Tuesday night of Preakness week after a flight from L.A. to New York and a van ride to Baltimore, 12 hours in all. His racing and training schedule had been highly unorthodox, if not revolutionary. When Codex stepped onto the track on Saturday, he hadn't raced in 34 days, an extraordinarily long layoff before so demanding a race. Moreover, in that 34-day period Lukas had drilled him but three times, and only five furlongs at a pop. Surely that would not be enough to get him the mile and ½ of the Preakness. The colt wouldn't even get a chance to work hard and fast over the Pimlico surface before the race. On top of all that, he was racing 3,000 miles from home—in a different climate, an unfamiliar surroundings.

But Lukas was convinced that he had done right by the colt, that Codex had had sufficient work and would run his race. For the Preakness Nerud and Lukas replaced the 17-year-old Valenzuela, who is long on ability but short on experience, with Cordero, who has plenty of both. Coincidentally, earlier last week Cordero, Vasquez and Jorge Velasquez (who rode Colonel Moran) had been named by fellow rider Jose Amy as having taken part in conspiracies to fix the outcome of horse races in New York in the mid '70s. Amy's accusations came during testimony in the race-fixing trial of former jockey Con Errico in Brook-

lyn Federal Court. Amy also named eight other riders, and he admitted that he himself had stuffed horses for a fee.

As the gate opened for the Preakness, Knight Landing, breaking from the inside post, sprinted to the front and raced through an opening quarter in :23½, honest enough, and the half in :47½. Colonel Moran tracked him around the turn, squandering nothing, while Codex, a 5-2 shot, stalked them both. Genuine Risk lay sixth the first quarter, then moved to fourth around the turn and into the backstretch. Nearing the far turn, she bobbed for an instant but collected herself at once and dug in again.

And there the real running began. Sweeping into the turn, Codex and the Colonel pounced all over Knight Landing, who excused himself, and Cordero, sensing his colt was ready, let him roll. Codex left the Colonel, opening sudden daylight, but now the filly was taking aim as they raced midway through the turn. She swallowed the Colonel as she swept the bend. Then she set sail for Codex. He was running strongly on the lead, several feet out from the rail. And now the filly was coming to him. A roar went up. She charged outside of Codex, to his flank, and as she came to him, Cordero looked over and saw her. Codex drifted off the turn. The horses brushed. "He kind of got spooked from the crowd along the rail and all the screaming," Cordero said. "I was there before the filly came to me. I don't think I carried her out. I couldn't. She's very heavy." Cordero, lashing his whip, might have caught her once in the head. By the time they straightened out, her run had ended, and the colt sprinted clear to win the race in 1:54½, only a tick off Canonero's track mark.

Bafflingly, the stewards posted no inquiry, but Vasquez claimed foul. "He [Cordero] came out, he bumped me," Vasquez said. "He hit my filly over the top of her head with his whip." Cordero denied this, claiming that the two horses had never made contact and that his whip never hit the filly. The stewards agreed with Cordero. They saw nothing on the film, Colwill said, to substantiate Vasquez' claim that Cordero hit the filly. Nor would he concede that Cordero carried her wide. "I feel they were both out there when they neared the turn. I'm not saying this horse didn't drift out some, but I think both were well out on the track. No, I don't think he [Cordero]

Cordero had to sweat out the stewards' ruling.

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ro) did it deliberately. I don't think there was any contact," Colwill said.

The official chart caller for the *Daily Racing Form*, Bill Phillips, saw it differently. In his official chart of the race Phillips wrote, "Cordero looked back entering the stretch, angled extremely wide, unimpaired and lightly brushing Genuine Risk."

Between phone calls, Litzemberger agreed that the colt had intimidated the filly. "Intimidation. If you want to squeeze it out of me, go ahead. I think there was intimidation. But not enough to disqualify," he said.

So the order of finish stood. And there were hoots and howls from all over the land and from some of the \$3,455 present. But not from a subdued LeRoy Jolley, who trains Genuine Risk. "They did bump or brush," he said. "Codex continued on well through the stretch; my filly didn't. But, as far as I'm concerned, what's done is done."

Partly lost sight of in the disputed race was the fact that Codex proved himself to be an exceptionally gifted young horse. He performed brilliantly. That he was ridden as if he were in a demolition derby doesn't diminish what he accomplished. The rider is another matter. A solid case can be made that he was riding the best racehorse in the Preakness. That he took unfair advantage of his main opponent served in the end only to deny his horse the chance to prove it unqualifiedly. And that was a shame.

Back at the barn, Jolley and Lukas met and shook hands. "I'm sorry," said Lukas, Jolley, full of professional admiration for Lukas' achievement, said. "You did a super, super job."

But the next morning, John Nazareth, Genuine Risk's assistant trainer, stood in the shedrow, seething. "The stewards are incompetent," he said. "She's got a bump on her nose. We gave her a little Bute [an anti-inflammation drug], need the lump and rubbed it with alcohol. You make one bad call. O.K., but three? Impeding, hitting and contact?"

Standing a few feet away, Lukas told reporters, "All I can say is, if you study the films and a horse is hit on the head, the horse will jerk its head up. My horse has a bump on the head, too, but he got it in his stall. Unless you can see her jerk her head up, she didn't get hit."

"Anyway, when you're running in the Preakness," Lukas said, "you don't say, 'Excuse me, ma'am.'"

END

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MEMORIAL DAY

wheels into Somerville, N.J. pretty much as it does in small towns across the land, with a gusto lost to big cities. Flags wave, bands play, Boy Scouts march and the fire engine gleams, a hearty endorsement of patriotism and the start of summer. But there is a difference. What will attract thousands of people to this pleasant county seat, 35 miles west of New York City, is an afternoon of bicycle races called the Tour of Somerville. There are races for boys of all ages and a 15-miler for women (right), but the focus of the day is perhaps the country's premier bike race, the 50-mile event for men. About 175 of the best riders from the U.S. and half a dozen other countries line up across Main Street, curb to curb and five rows deep. Then, at the gun, they're off—east on Main, left on Bridge, west on High, left on Mountain and back to Main—43½ laps of Somerville before one of them throws his arms into the air and Memorial Day is over for another year.





Finishing tall, Canada's Karen Strong (above) takes the 1979 women's race. Starting small, last year's midgets and their handlers stand poised, waiting for the gun.





PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALTER IOOSS JR



David Lettlen (above, right) gets a hand after winning the intermediate race. At far left, Swiss riders await the start, center, the pack guts it out in the main event, and, below, a kid curbs his woe





ning the race solely for the benefit of his son. So in 1942 Furman didn't compete. Instead he served as trainer for Carl Anderson, a good young rider from nearby Clifton—and Anderson won. In 1943 the race was called off for the duration of World War II. Furman Kugler went into the Navy, Anderson into the Army, and before it was over, both were dead.

The Somerville Whirl

by SARAH PILEGGI

Somerville is a quiet town of 13,300 souls, the sort of place that probably saw its best years in the closing decades of the last century, when there were trolley tracks on Main Street and lofty elms for shade in the summertime, and the solidest citizens lived in imposing houses on High Street. Now the trolleys are gone and so are many of the elms, and a number of the big houses on High Street are lawyers' offices, Somerville being a county seat and the practice of law, consequently, one of its major activities.

Until the Tour came along 40 years ago, the biggest things to happen in Somerville occurred in 1778, when George and Martha Washington spent the winter there, and in 1926, when the Hall-Mills murder case, a titillating affair involving a minister and a choir singer, was tried at the county courthouse. Therefore, when Fred (Pop) Kugler, owner of Kugler's Bike Shop on North Doughty Ave. and a retired professional bike racer himself, founded the Tour to give his bike-riding son, Furman, something to do, Somerville was more than ready.

Furman was already the national junior champion when he won the first Tour of Somerville in 1940. He also won the second Tour, and folks began to grumble. Pop Kugler, they said, was run-

Nevertheless, by 1947 Pop Kugler was ready to begin again. The race was rechristened the Kugler-Anderson Memorial Tour, though no one ever calls it that, and No. 1 was permanently retired in memory of the two boys, both of whom had worn it. Pop Kugler went back to knocking on doors, just as he had before the war, single-handedly raising all the prize money for the race from the citizens and merchants of Somerville.

"It was a one-man show," says Joe Saling, who went to work for Pop Kugler when he was 15 and bought out the business when Kugler retired in 1967.

Today the prize money for the main event is \$3,725, distributed among the first 15 places, plus whatever Saling, now the race announcer, can drum up during the race in *primes* (pronounced preems), which are prizes of cash or merchandise for the winner of a given lap.

Last year, rain and dangerously slippery conditions caused a big pileup at the corner of Main and Bridge halfway through the principal race. By the time the riders behind the spill were able to get back up to full speed, they were several hundred yards behind with no chance of catching the pack. The situation could have created a dull race had not Saling, with his microphone, leaped into the breach. Keeping the crowds informed of the jockeying for position up front, he also managed to create considerable interest, first among the spectators, then among the riders themselves, in the

outcome within the second group, so much interest, in fact, that when the lead man of the second group crossed the line he threw his arms into the air in the traditional bicycle racer's gesture of triumph, just as if he had finished first.

Next Monday the population of Somerville will triple overnight. Spectators will crowd the sidewalks along Main from the curb all the way to the building walls, and on High people will be picnicking in the same places they have picnicked every year for decades. First the midgets (ages 8-11) will pass by, then the intermediates (12-14), the juniors (15-17), the women and, finally, the senior men in the 50-mile main event. They will represent the cream of the Olympic and national cycling teams of the competing countries. The women's race, 14 laps of the 1.1-mile course, will include Karen Strong of Canada, who won last year, Jackie Bradley, a former national intermediate champion, now age 16, and Sarah Docter and Beth Heiden, the speed skaters who become cyclists for the warmer half of the year. Among the men will be the 19-year-old Nevada sensation Greg LeMond, last year's junior world champion; Eric Heiden, he of the five Olympic speed-skating gold medals, who caused a sensation of his own in San Diego the other day when he came within .17 second of a berth on the Olympic cycling team after training for a week and a half; the Stetina brothers, three of them, from Indianapolis; and Danny Clark of Tasmania, who has recently been a hit in European six-day racing and is said to be in fine form. The amazing Canadian rider Jocelyn Lovell will also be on hand. In 1974 Lovell won seven of eight Canadian cycling championships, at distances of from one to 160 kilometers, the equivalent of winning everything from the 100 to the 10,000 at the AAU track and field championships.

As for the spectators, at the cost of not one penny and from the best location in the house, the sidewalks, they will be able to watch some of the world's finest athletes whirling past on their silent, delicate machines 77 separate times. Which, all things considered, surely makes Memorial Day in Somerville the greatest bargain in sport.

Just tourin' in the rain, a Mexican rider splashes gamely along slippery streets

All-America honors in football and all A's in the classroom make Stefan Humphries of Fort Lauderdale, Fla. ...

THE CAN'T MISS KID

by DOUGLAS S. LOONEY



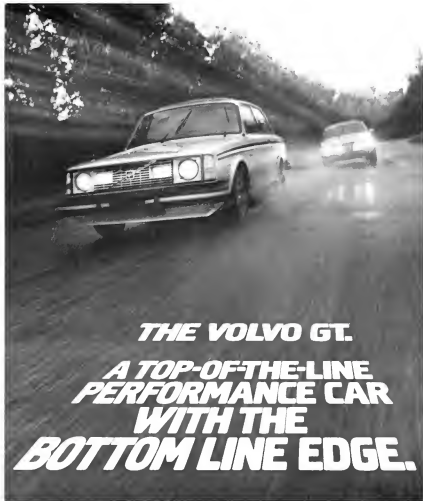
Humphries will graduate first in his class of 260 at St. Thomas Aquinas High with a 93.40 average

Maud Humphries has just served up her special-recipe spicy crab gumbo, and now she is awaiting the reaction. She gets it instantly from her husband, Thornton, at the other end of the table. Thornton wipes his face with a napkin and says, "You eat this stuff and you get tears in your eyes, your lips sting and your nose runs. Isn't it wonderful?" There is great, good laughter—pass the rice tea—all around. Even Stefan, Maud and Thornton's 18-year-old son who's already wrist-deep in gluttony, interrupts his chewing to join in. Outside their Fort Lauderdale home, the soft spring breezes are blowing away the leftover heat of the day and the palms rustle in relief. Inside, lively conversation continues—pass the hush puppies—and everything does seem wonderful.

And well it should. For in this ideal, if somehow unreal, south Florida setting, 6' 4", 235-pound Stefan Humphries has become the ideal, if somehow unreal, college football prospect of 1980. He's an extraordinary player with extraordinary brains in an extraordinary family fueled by extraordinary gumbo.

Stefan was named a high school All-America by Scholastic Coach magazine and Player of the Year for his district by the Fort Lauderdale Touchdown Club. He was an all-county and all-state selection and co-winner of the National Football Foundation, Brian Piccolo Chapter, Scholar Athlete Award, beating out 24 other athletes from his area for the honor. *Blue Chip* magazine picked him as one of the nation's 150 finest college football prospects, and Joe Terranova of National Prep Publications calls him one of the nation's 15 best recruits.

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Nearly every college that pumps up a football humped for Hump, as he is called. Recruiters from more than 40 universities trekked to Fort Lauderdale to smile and grovel. Michigan got him and probably will play him this fall at defensive tackle, although most of Stefan's experience has been in the offensive line.



Wolverine Coach Bo Schembechler says, "He has the attitude, the athletic ability, the size, the motivation, the scholastic ability, everything."

Schembechler has good reason to be positively giddy. In these days of sleaze in college football—including all manner of fakery when it comes to transcripts, class attendance, recruiting, etc.—Stefan (named by his mother after a doctor on the television soap *Young Dr. Malone*) is a lighthouse in a stormy night. His high school coach, George Smith, says, "Stefan gives you faith in what you're doing."

Indeed, Hump is proof that the system, whatever that is, can produce an outstanding football player who loves the game but who knows there are many things more important than being able to knock somebody down. Like what? "Like my mind," says Stefan.

Meet Stefan's mind. In the senior class of 260 at Fort Lauderdale's St. Thomas Aquinas High—a school with fine and growing athletic and academic reputations—Humphries ranks first with an average of 99.40 (see box). His lowest marks are 93s in communication arts and typing, but he shoots the lights out in phys-

ics, calculus, biology, Latin, American history, chemistry and theology. All of which doesn't much impress Stefan, who is a member of his school's National Honor or Society chapter. "Frankly, I'm more interested in learning than I am in grades," he says.

Stefan hasn't come by such high-mindedness accidentally. His father was a high school valedictorian and got a basketball scholarship to Seattle University, where he was a teammate of the legendary Elgin Baylor. "What I learned at Seattle," says Thornton, "is that if you didn't get the ball to Elgin, you found your way to the bench mighty fast." Thornton is principal of Everglades Traditional Middle School, and at 6' 7½", 275 pounds he's fully capable of upholding any traditions you care to mention. Maud was valedictorian of her high school class, went to Florida A&M on an academic scholarship and teaches English at Dillard High.

This brings us to the Humphries' first-born, Thoma, who was valedictorian at St. Thomas in 1973 with an average of 98.4. She is completing her master's (as a scholarship student) in computer science at MIT. The second child, Shawn, was valedictorian at St. Thomas in 1974 with an average of 97.9 and is completing her second year (on scholarship, of course) at Nashville's Meharry Medical College. The third child, Faye, was—oh, horrors!—35th in her 1977 St. Thomas class of 232 with an average of 93.15. "I don't have any complexes," says Faye with a laugh. "I'm not stupid." Her scholarship came in basketball from Tennessee State, where she has completed her junior year. And then, of course, there is Stefan.

"In this house, we set goals, and once they were attained, we set higher goals," says Thornton. "We taught all the children how to study, then required it. Stefan had no choice in the matter. What we do around here is work hard and achieve. I was just the enforcer."

Aw, come on, Maud, even you admit that your family in general and Stefan in particular sound too good to be true. "Sure." Pass the gumbo. St. Thomas supervising principal, the Rev. Vincent T. Kelly, says it's easy to explain: "The Humphries are brilliant people who are aware of their ability and potential." Yet, it's more than that; as Michigan Defensive Coordinator Bill McCartney says, "Ability just gives you the chance to be good, and a lot of guys working in fac-

continued

Workouts with Aquinas teammate Cyrus King help Stefan shape up to play at Michigan



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tones have potential. You must take that talent and potential and put it with motivation to go and get something done."

In Stefan's case, he has gone and done everything. In addition to his academic and athletic attainments, he also is editor of the short story section of his school's literary magazine, played a radio operator in the recent St. Thomas production of *South Pacific*, sang in the chorus ("There is nothing like a dame") and tootles the flute.

Understandably, Stefan is idolized by teachers and schoolmates alike. Sister John Norton, principal of St. Thomas, says, "He is an example of everything good," though she does plead with him to open his mouth when he talks and to get rid of his newly sprouted mustache. Theology teacher Barbara Sullivan says, "I've never met an individual as remarkable as Stefan." Hump's fellow seniors have voted him class scholar and most likely to succeed. Andre Jackson, a wide receiver on the football team, says, "Whenever I thought I didn't care about my schoolwork, Stefan gave me the word and I cared again."

Despite this acclaim, Stefan is humble. It truly embarrasses him that he can't think of any pursuit in which he has failed. Pushed to answer, he looks pained and falls silent, hoping that the quiet will make the question go away. Suddenly he is elated. "Baseball," he says. "I failed at baseball. I'm terrible at it. I can't hit and I can't catch." He also can't resist the thought—probably correct—that "if I were to practice, though..."

St. Thomas (enrollment: 1,272), located in a working-class neighborhood of southwest Fort Lauderdale, is close geographically but a long way psychologically from the *Where the Boys Are* beaches. Humphries isn't the school's first notable alumnus by any means. There were Running Back Brian Piccolo, who graduated from St. Thomas in 1961, Chris Evert, class of '73, and Rosie Ruiz, the ersatz Boston Marathon winner, who attended from 1968 to '71 but finished at another school.

This was a banner year for football players at St. Thomas. Three of Stefan's teammates also got major-college scholarships—Defensive End Cyrus King (Notre Dame), Wide Receiver Cameron Benson (Illinois) and Defensive Back Sean Brooks (Northwestern (La.) State). Father Kelly has a straightforward view



Thornton and Maud demand—and get—excellence from Faye, Stefan and two older daughters.

of his school and sports, saying, "Much of our success here is due to athletics. But we always get right to the point. If you want to be helped academically, we'll help. If not, *ger*."

This attitude appeals to Stefan, who says, "Everybody has the potential to succeed in school. All you need to do is apply yourself." Which Stefan does.

If he wanted to, of course, he could float through his days with no effort. But that wouldn't be Stefan. He walks into calculus class, where he is immediately at ease with the tangent to the axis, the *hk* as the center of a hyperbola and the mysteries of a horizontal ellipse. "Cal-

culus teaches you how to think," says Stefan. During an especially intense stretch of recruiting, he took a calculus test and made a 98. So much for distractions.

In sociology, the subject is prejudice and how to define it. Stefan says that, race aside, he could be prejudiced against one kind of ice cream. The teacher says, "Ah, you don't mean to tell me you are prejudiced against chocolate ice cream?" The bell rings and Stefan walks out of the class, past a poster that says *SOME OF US HAVE IT AND SOME OF US JUST KEEP LOOKING FOR IT*, and on to physics, where the problem is how binding energy relates to the photoelectric effect and Einstein's

continued

explanation of it. Stefan finds understanding Neils Bohr's concept of quantized energy a piece of cake. Later in the day he stows his books, puts on his track and field uniform—he also played basketball for St. Thomas—and, although he hasn't been able to practice much lately, throws the discus a school-record 166' 8" at the District 15 3A meet. Oh well, all in a day's work.

"The thing I got from him is he wants nothing—including football—to interfere with his pursuit of education," says Schembechler. "He has broader interests than just football, and I like that."

Stefan derives his motivation from his parents. "I'm afraid not to do well," he says, but their influence is based on more than fear. To listen to Maud and Thornton is to get an instant lesson in using common sense as a parent. For example, in the Humphries house there was never time for bitterness about real or imagined inequities in white-dominated America. "My children can do anything anybody else's children can do," says Thornton. "So they had better do it. The only way you can be inferior is to take an inferior attitude. We feel education is first, sports are second. No matter how tired you are, you study." When sleep does conquer Stefan, he will wake in the small hours, go into the family room, sit down at the long table covered with flowered oilcloth and study. He has been doing it for years; nobody tells him to.

When her kids were growing up, Maud would conduct a summer school in the

Florida room. The children read the classics, prepared reports, listened to fine music, discussed *Porgy and Bess*. A copy of the selected poems of T.S. Eliot is on an end table looking well thumbed and perfectly at home. Jim Harrington, dean of students at St. Thomas, says the real labor in turning out a young man like Stefan "is done at home. It takes hard work, and I can assure you it's no accident that Stefan is what he is."

"But our home wasn't a hostile place," Thornton says. "Love was shown. The children didn't have to leave home to enjoy themselves. We didn't send them to the beach. We gathered up the rubber balls and put hot dogs in a bag and we all went to the beach."

While Stefan obviously was born to success, he may have had a special motivation. He has weak eyelids that give his eyes a dull, lazy, I'm-lucky-to-be-able-to-see-my-shoes look. At age 6, he underwent surgery for this congenital condition, and the left eye was operated on a second time. His father believes that "Stefan's eyes—and especially the taunting from the other kids, who called him Sleepy—made him more determined to be bigger, stronger, smarter, faster than all of them." Stefan says, "God must have a reason for making my eyes like this." Perhaps God had a bit of deception in mind. Looking at Stefan, a rival lineman must wonder: Will this guy wake up by the time the ball is snapped? (Note to the Big Ten: he will—every time.)

Says Coach Smith, "There will never

be—well, it will be very, very hard for there ever to be—another Stefan Humphries. When he leaves here, a serious part of what we've accomplished is leaving also. But the good thing is everybody benefited—Stefan, the coaches, players, students, teachers."

"When Hump showed up at St. Thomas he had all the tools," says Assistant Football Coach Marty Poplar. "We just sharpened, refined, honed them." Another assistant, Jack Hanrahan, says the only hard thing about coaching Stefan was "if you have a super kid, you want to make sure the coaches don't settle for anything less than a super effort. We didn't and he didn't." When Stefan was on the team, St. Thomas went 9-3, 10-1, 9-2. A lot of the reason was the success of plays run over Hump, particularly 31 Trap and 25 Counter.

Scouts, who really shouldn't be drooling at their age, couldn't contain themselves when they watched Stefan's quick feet and balance. He is magnificent straight ahead and just as good laterally. He runs the 40 in 4.8, linebacker speed. Is there *nothing* really wrong with him? Are there no warts? Please tell us he bites his nails. Smith thinks it over and then says, "He does have a tendency to hold." But, of course, there are mitigating circumstances. "He has such rangy arms that he just gets tangled up, hooked onto people." And how about this for a negative: "If there is a mediocre player across the line from him, he will not punish him," says Smith.

How can Stefan fail? Schembechler, stricken by the question, looks as if he has just been caught wearing an Ohio State sweat shirt. "Fail? He can't," says Bo. "He is one of the joys of recruiting. One of the first things he asked me was if Michigan has an overseas academic program. As far as football goes, we didn't talk much about it. He has such great explosion off the line of scrimmage, he could be a fine offensive lineman, but our immediate needs are defensive. He's a good player and he may be a great one. He even likes to listen." Another evaluator of high school talent says, "The only way he can fail is if he finds Michigan winters are not what he had in mind." And what does Thornton expect his son to do at Michigan? "Everything his coach tells him."

Even though Humphries' arms might "get hooked onto people," he is seldom

continued

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penalized. One of the three infractions assessed against him all last season came with 56 seconds left in St. Thomas' opener, against Miramar High. St. Thomas trailed 13-7 and had the ball, first-and-goal, on the Miramar six when Stefan jumped offside and botched the drive. But consider this: for the 10 previous days he had been in bed with pneumonia and was playing dead tired.

Stefan made no such mistakes when dealing with the recruiters. He set tough criteria and stuck by them. "The school would have to have a very academic atmosphere," he says. "Very. It would have to have a football spirit. I mean very big on football. It would have to have an easygoing social climate." Stanford lost out because Stefan feels it is "a little bit too easygoing. Plus, I'm afraid of earthquakes." That left a tormenting decision to be made between Michigan and Notre Dame. "I couldn't decide," says Stefan. "Finally, I prayed. I said, 'God, just by chance, let's flip. You make it land on which school I should go to. Heads Michigan, tails Notre Dame.'" Perhaps for the first time in football history God was not an Irishman: heads came up three times in a row.

Stefan verbally committed himself to Michigan, but his heart belonged to Notre Dame. At one point he told Smith that he had changed his mind, that he was going to South Bend. Enter Thornton. Even though he personally favored Notre Dame, he sat Stefan down in the family room and, as always, set his son straight.

"You gave your commitment to Michigan and your word is all you have," he told Stefan. "Your word can't be bought or sold. I may suffer sometimes, but I stick by my word and so will you. So work it out. See, when I got married to your mother 26 years ago, I said it was for better or for worse and that's it. Sometimes it has been for the worse, but you don't walk away from your word. Your word is it." That was all Stefan needed to hear. He says now he decided to go to Michigan because, "I told Michigan I was coming and I wanted to be a man of my word."

Appropriately, Hump was also influenced by two non-football factors. First, he liked the idea that Michigan has a medical school on campus. When theology teacher Sullivan asked Stefan if he



Stefan and friends Lennon Walker and Jackie Rabin had an early time on a trip to Disney World.

was going to play pro ball, he said, "Naw, I doubt it. I want to be a doctor." "You can take care of me anytime," said Sullivan. Perhaps more important, Hump thought his social life would be better at Michigan, which has many more black students than Notre Dame. "After all, I think college should be some fun," Stefan says.

Notre Dame Coach Dan Devine admits he wanted Humphries badly. "He's my kind of kid," says Devine. "He does things Heisman Trophy winners do." The Irish did get Kang, Stefan's friend and talented teammate, which prompted Hump to write Devine a long letter, asking him to "take especially good care of Cyrus." Another reason Stefan may have chosen Michigan is that he didn't want to overshadow his buddy in South Bend. And, says Stefan, there was one final factor: "When Coach Schembechler looked at me and said, 'I know Michigan is for you,' just the way he said it impressed me." McCartney, who headed the Wolverine recruiting effort, says, "Stefan's a complete young man. It's not often a player has that much talent and carries it that well. We're looking for immediate help from him. Why not? He has always demonstrated excellence, he has always risen to the occasion."

For all of Stefan's interests, nobody

questions his love of football. "Sometimes when I'm playing, I think, 'Why am I out here beating up on guys? What's the purpose?' But I know why. I just love contact. And that team feeling." He fully subscribes to the philosophy of St. Thomas Kicking Coach Ed (Doc) Storey, who has written, "There is something in good men that really yearns for ... needs ... discipline and the harsh reality of head-to-head combat. ... I believe that any man's finest hour is the moment when he worked his heart out in a good cause and lies exhausted on the field of battle, victorious."

Dinner is over and Stefan gets up, clears his dishes off the table and rinses them. Of course. Now he is pondering the question of whether he can start as a freshman at Michigan. "The nice thing," he says, "is that it's not up to them whether I start, it's up to me." Good heavens, could it be that Stefan is, at last, a true student-athlete.

"Well, with anybody, you should temper your applause," says Father Kelly. "So far he has responded, but maybe he could have done more. He has the potential for failing, if only because the line between success and failure is so thin." So might you fail, Stefan? His mouth says "Yes," but his bloodline indicates "No chance."

END

MOVIES

by FRANK DEFORD



NO 'HUSTLER,' BUT DON'T JUST CHALK IT OFF

There are some subjects that, despite seeming to be endlessly fascinating, can be totally covered in one movie. Take pool hustling. It's been done. *The Hustler* (the classic Jackie Gleason, the gorgeous Paul Newman, the lean and hungry George C. Scott) took care of that in 1961, and nothing I have read or seen on the subject since has expended my knowledge—or interest—one iota. Obviously, there is no more there. (Did *For the Love of Benji* add anything to *Benji*?) But pool hustling is a benign form of adult mischievousness—men will be men—and it fascinates innocent outsiders who stumble upon it. If those outsiders are moviemakers, they'll do a film about it, for much the same reasons that tourists come home with drawn-out eyewitness reports of Old Faithful spouting.

But that's not all. Here's another problem with movies of people playing pool: tedium. In *The Baltimore Bullet* (which is not about guns, Crabtown or Gus Johnson, but a pool hustler with that moniker), we are briefly introduced to Steve Mizerek, the show-off who shoots pool in the Miller Lite beer commercials. Immediately, I was distracted; all I wanted to see was Mizerek making trick shots. Which poses the question: Why would anyone make a two-hour film about an activity that can be captured in one 30-second commercial? Footage of pool shooting can make you very eye-weary, what with all those colored balls rolling bead-on at you, thanks to the magic of pocket-level camera work. In recognition of this truth, the director of *Bullet*, Robert Ellis Miller, has left the entire pool-shooting showdown off the screen.

This suggests that the movie is more cleverly handled than its material deserves, and in fact this is so. Given a stale subject and an insipid script, Miller has done a yoman job at hustling the audience. On a scale of one to 10, I give it a six-ball in the side pocket. If

the tone of the movie had been fine-tuned a bit, if it had been whimsical and mocking in all its ways (instead of just a few), it could have come off with that marvelously carefree air that James Bond and Bart Maverick impart. Too many of the pool-hall characters in *Bullet* are comic specimens gratuitously examined under a middle-class microscope.

But more often, the film knows its place. How can you not like a movie that features: a suitcase full of money; a heavy actually called Boss by his henchman; a rollicking fight scene in a fun house; a country and western theme song; a bomb that explodes and blackens everybody's face, but doesn't hurt a soul; a virginal heroine who parts with her horse named Trudy ("I love that horse"); a country church with salt-of-the-earth extras singing *Rock of Ages*; and a veritable cornucopia of antique sight gags involving melon-breasted women in low-cut outfits? Dirty pool.

The performers are a lovely bunch of coconuts. The problem is they're all cutesy-poo soundtracks. James Coburn plays the title character, whose square name is Nick Casey (everybody has a wonderful name in this picture), with too much splomb. The melodrama is that Nick can't win the big ones. But Nick, as Coburn styles him, is such an ebullient and cocky rascal that never for a moment do we accept him for the tapped-out underdog he is supposed to be. Just as bad, Omer Sharif, cast as the antagonist, gives a wonderful imitation (complete with limp) of the Robert Shaw character in *The Sting*, while neglecting, alas, to be antagonistic. Here you have funny bombs exploding, people culling women "skirts," a hero named Nick Casey, a henchman named Ricco, and you don't have a villainous villain. That dog just won't hunt.

Coburn's sidekick, young Bruce Boxleitner, late of TV's *How the West Was Won*, is an engaging foil, much resembling a degenerate Bruce Jenner, if that isn't a contradiction in terms. It is Boxleitner to whom Coburn addresses a classic line that will be remembered long after *The Baltimore Bullet* has been reduced to cable-TV ballistics: "I taught you everything you know, but I didn't teach you everything I know."

Also starring. There is some type-casting. Ronlee Blakeley, who portrayed the Loretta Lynn character in *Nashville*, returns here as Carolina Red, a country singer. Willie Mosconi plays "a legend in his own time." **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** appears, playing itself. The magazine has a fairly prominent role in the saga, to the point where one mean-spirited pool-hall proprietor refers to this journal as "that goddam magazine." You know what I say to that? I say, you can call me anything but late to dinner.

END

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For sports fans around the globe, it can never reach unanimity on which is the world's premier motor race but invariably they nominate the same top three: the Formula 1 Grand Prix at Monaco, the 24-hour at Le Mans and the 500 at Indianapolis. Each enthusiast's ranking normally depends upon his home base. For Americans, the Indy 500 usually comes up No. 1.

If you happen to be an American race driver, the Indy 500 is almost certainly No. 1. Winning it can set you up for

somely besides. That, in turn, usually assures future victories. Which means more money. And a longer list of suitors with the best, latest, most expensive, most exotic creations to materialize from the brains of their designers. Which in turn means more money on top of that, on and on in a delicious circle until you're a regular A. J. Foyt.

Racing is a cruel sport, though, in that victories are so rare. In every baseball game, nine men win and nine men lose: that's a win ratio of 50 percent. The same ratio applies to football and basketball and tennis and team tiddlywinks. But in racing, only one man wins. Everybody else is a loser. It's a discouraging sport in that regard. Yet, somehow, there is great prestige attached even to being one of the 82 losers at

N

aturally, any institution capable of bestowing such stature is extremely selective about whom it smiles upon. Everybody who wants to be an Indy driver isn't going to make it, although at least ten new faces show up for tryouts every year. In that sense, Indianapolis is the most exclusive fraternity on the American motor-racing campus. It's been around the longest, since 1911 with time out for two years during World War I and four years during World War II. It has endured depression, war, political and social upheaval and the distractions of other forms of auto



Above: Rick Mears was only 27 when he won the 500 last year. Moreover, it was only his second time in the race. But then Mears was not the sort of fellow who stuck with the pack either. He started as an off-road racer—Baja buggies and the like—which has never been viewed as a stepping-

stone to motor-racing stardom, but he quickly distinguished himself from the multitudes by winning a lot. And now that he's won Indy, his future is assured. Offers of Grand Prix rides come his way these days and there are no higher levels than that. Of course, everybody is saying that he has "natural ability" now, which is true, but it's funny how not many of them noticed this gift before he became an Indy winner.

Right: Even the great A. J. Foyt, the only man to win the 500 more than three times, was once a rookie. (There's a rumor going around that he puts on his pants one leg at a time,



too, but this is harder to confirm.) That was back in 1956, when he started 12th and finished 16th in the Dean Van Lines Spl. Now he has run more miles at Indianapolis (8,135), won more races (4), and taken home more prize money (\$1,316,182.73) than any other man in Speedway history.

life. The prize money alone—\$252,420 to last year's first-place finisher, Rick Mears—makes it the richest race in the world. Even more important, once you win, you're established as one of the world's top drivers, and from that day forward, you never have to worry about where your next ride is coming from. Races are won by good drivers, yes, but only good drivers in first-class cars. A good driver in a fair-to-middling car has virtually no chance; in a poor car cross out the word "virtually." Lining up the right car is every driver's struggle, frequently more difficult than the maneuvers he performs on the race track. And that's one of the reasons Indianapolis is so important to a driver's career. Once you've won there, fawning car owners bring out their very best for your delectation, and pay you hand-

lily. The 500 is so important that just qualifying for the last Sunday in May extravaganza is on a par with winning almost anywhere else. It doesn't matter if you're the last man to make the cut or the first; once you qualify, you're an Indy driver. Having that in your portfolio makes you a breed apart. Few baseball fans can recognize the name of a pinch hitter in the third game of a World Series by the time spring practice starts the next year, but make the field of Indy just once and from that day forward every racing fan will remember you every time the keening sound of a turbo-charged Offy splits the air.

racing, only to become more of a tradition every year. Now, as a classic contest in motor sports, it ranks with the best the world has to offer.

And like most time-honored institutions, Indy may be gruff on the outside but it is warm-hearted within. The annual crop of first-timers, supplicants applying for membership, are ruthlessly sorted through, but once they are invited into the inner sanctum, they're all good fellows. Newcomers at Indy are called rookies, a deceptively common sporting-world term that doesn't begin to reflect the admission procedure at the Speedway, a process so arduous that it's not at all unusual for a man to come back five consecutive years yet not lose his "rookie" status. Instead, it will simply be updated annually—first-



year rookie, second-year rookie, third-year rookie and counting—until he finally makes it into the race, which then becomes his rookie year of record. As this strictly prescribed rite of passage suggests, the history of rookies at the Indianapolis 500 chronicles some amazing feats, occasionally of glory but more often of heroic perseverance.

For example, one of the rookies was Al Loquasto Jr., of Easton, Pennsylvania. He first came to the Speedway in 1970 with his own car, a well-used German Audi, called the *Indy Ten a Shoestring Special*. The shoestring broke against the Turn 3 wall in practice before Loquasto even had a chance to qualify. In 1971 he crashed again. In 1972 he didn't attempt a qualifying run although he practiced diligently. The

aspiring "rookie" crashed again in 1973. After two more frustrating attempts, Loquasto finally made the field in 1976, his seventh year of trying, and finished in 25th place. Not that life at the Speedway became any easier after that milestone. The following year Loquasto qualified 20th but dropped out of the race after 28 laps with magneto problems. In 1978 he qualified again, only to be bumped out of the lineup by a faster car. Since then, he's taken his torture on venues other than Indy.



Compared to some others, however, Loquasto had an easy time

of it. Ralph "Ralphie the Racer" Liguori came to be known as the perpetual rookie. A veteran stock- and sprint-car driver, Liguori first came to the Speedway in 1959 in the Eldorado Indianapolis Special, the only foreign car entered that year, but he failed to qualify. Then every year for the next ten—except 1960 when he was recovering from a spectacular flip at Trenton—Racer Ralphie came back and tried again. But despite his persistence, he never could make the show. And he was no fair-weather race driver either, having run the granddaddy Hoosier Grand Prix 14 times, a record exceeded only by Foyt himself. In fact, Liguori remains such a committed racer that just last year, at the age of 52, he was still driving sprint cars in Florida where he now lives. But he no longer enters the lists at Indy.

Below: Al Loquasto Jr., shown here preparing for a practice run in the Stearns Mfg. Spl., first came to the Speedway in 1970. A measure of his luck is that it took him until 1976 to qualify for the race.



Left: One of the reasons Loquasto had such a tough time making the field was that his cars kept getting in the way of the wall during practice. When that happens, they usually come back on the wrecker's hook, as this one did in 1970.



Above right: Ralph "Ralphie the Racer" Liguori in 1959 with the first car he tried to qualify at Indy. Despite the patience of Job and ten more years of persistent trying, he never did make the show.



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Rookies have won the 500 on only six occasions and five of them were before 1930: Rene Thomas, in a Delage, 1914 (above left); Ray Harroun, Marmon Wasp, 1911 (top center); Jules Goux, Peugeot, 1913 (above center); George Souders, Duesenberg, 1927 (above right); and Frank Lockhart, Miller Special, 1926 (right).



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Occasionally, new drivers find their rookie status being prolonged, even though their own performances have been exemplary by all standards. In 1971 John Mahler, a strapping sports-car driver fresh from a class victory in the Daytona 24-hour endurance race, qualified 33rd in a turbo-Ford-powered Vollstedt at 170.164 mph, the fastest speed of any rookie that year. Yet he never made it to the starting grid because, in the closing moments of qualification, the car of his teammate Dick Simon was bumped from the lineup. Simon was the team's No. 1 driver and the deal with the team's sponsor at that time, Travelodge, was that, in the case of only one car qualifying, Simon was to be in the cockpit. Mahler ended up in the stands watching Simon finish the race.

Actually, Mahler didn't lose out entirely because the American Auto Racing Writers and Broadcasters Association honored him with their annual Jigger Award, which brings up yet another rookie hard-luck story. Jigger Sirois, whose father had crewed for three previous Indy winners, was first in line when qualifying opened in 1969. Just as he was about to complete his fourth and final qualifying lap, his crew, thinking his 161-mph average speed would be too slow to make the field, called off his qualifying attempt by waving a signal flag to the timekeeper. This is commonly done in such circumstances because, once a car completes a qualifying run, it cannot attempt a better run unless it is bumped from the lineup. But almost immediately after Sirois returned to the pits, rain began to fall.

Enough rain that qualifying had to be called off for the rest of the day. Had Sirois' crew accepted his run, he not only would have qualified, he would have been on the pole because, at that time, the pole position was awarded to the fastest first-day qualifier. As it was, Sirois later made two more attempts to make the field with no success. Thus the man who would have been on the pole, albeit at an uncommonly slow pace, never made the show.

Rookies don't always have such tough times of it however. On six occasions a rookie has actually won



Above: Teammates Dick Simon (left) and John Mahler (in car) in 1971 acting out yet another rookie hard-luck story. Veteran Simon was bumped from the lineup, rookie Mahler qualified fastest of all newcomers, but the team's contract with its sponsor called for Simon to be in the race if only one car made the cut. The result was that rookie Mahler was rookie Mahler again the following year.



Indy: Ray Harroun in 1911, Jules Goux in 1913, Rene Thomas in 1914, Frank Lockhart in 1926, George Souders in 1927 and, most recently, the late Graham Hill in 1966. Yet, even so, the probability of a rookie winning today is exceedingly remote, first, because it has happened only once in the last 52 years, which suggests that the task is growing more difficult with time, and second, because Graham Hill, when he won, was probably the most over-qualified rookie in Indianapolis history. He had already won the World Drivers' Championship on the Grand Prix circuit in a BRM at that point and, as is frequently the case with Indy rookies, 1966 was not the first year in which he had set wheel to the 2.5-mile Speedway oval. He first passed the drivers' test in 1963 in one of Mickey Thomp-

son's cars, until his engine failed with eight laps left in the race. Stewart went on to win the World Drivers' Championship three times but had nothing but bad luck after that at Indy. That is, until he retired from driving. Now he does the color commentary every year for ABC and always gets a trip to victory lane.

The hottest rookie to show up at the Speedway in recent memory was Mario Andretti. He first arrived at Indy in 1965 when he was 25 years old and, without even being dry behind the ears, set a lap record of 159.405 mph during qualifying in the Ford-engined Dean Van Lines Special. He went on to finish the race in third place and capture the Rookie of the Year title as well. Andretti is one of those gifted drivers who turned out to be every bit as good

proaching that of Andretti was Walt Faulkner, who first came to the Speedway in 1950 to drive J. C. Agajanian's Offy-powered Kurtis-Kraft. Faulkner charged right in and qualified on the pole, setting a one-lap record of 136.013 in the process. But in the race, he dropped back to a seventh-place finish. Ironically, although he would come to the Speedway four more times, he never won and only once scored higher than his first outing, a fifth in 1955.

Other promising rookies fared worse, however. George Amick was a stock-car driver, only 5' 5" tall and notoriously gutsy. He was signed to drive the Belond Miracle-Powered Streamliner in 1966, but, just before the 500, he broke an arm in a crash at Vallejo, California and had to postpone his de-



Top left: Scotsman Jim Clark (left) and Englishman Graham Hill in 1963, their rookie year. Both went on to be winners, Clark in 1965 and Hill in 1966.

Below left: Walt Faulkner (in car) showing off his rookie stripes in 1950 before going on to qualify on the pole, an amazing feat for his first time on the Speedway. Looking on at left is Johnny Parsons who won that 500 just a few days later.

Top right: A 25-year-old Mario Andretti (left) triumphantly pulls off his rookie stripes after completing the drivers' test in 1965. Chief mechanic Clint Brewer watches happily.

Below right: George Amick in the Daimler Spl., an Offy-powered roadster, in 1958, when he finished second and won the Rookie of the Year title.



son's radical, low-profile creations, a car of such odd appearance and behavior that it had already scared the bejeesus out of several hero drivers. Not only did Hill subsequently elect not to make a qualifying attempt in that car, but he chose to stay away from the Speedway entirely until a mount more consistent with his world-champion status could be found. Finally, in 1966, wealthy American sportsman John McCom stepped forward with a Ford-powered Lola and Hill decided to drop by and win the race.

Curiously, since Hill was the first rookie to win in 39 years and only the second foreigner in 50 years, he was not given the annual Rookie of the Year award. That went to Scotsman Jackie Stewart, who had been leading the race

as his early promise. He subsequently won the 500 in 1969 and, soon after, shifted his emphasis to road racing on the international scene where, in 1978, he became only the second American in history to win the World Drivers' Championship. Now, at age 40, he still races Indy-type cars and comes back to the Speedway whenever it doesn't conflict with his Formula 1 racing schedule. Unfortunately, an unending series of mechanical failures have denied him the success he once enjoyed there.

Since World War II, the only other rookie to show brilliance ap-

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but another year. He returned in 1957 as one of the drivers for the Federal Engineering team, but both of its cars were too slow to make the field. Then the following year, in the Daimler Special, Amick not only qualified, he finished second and was named Rookie of the Year. Before he could take another shot at Indianapolis, however, he was killed in a race at Daytona. While attempting to pass Bob Christine for third place on the final lap of the only Indy-car race ever held on Daytona International Speedway, a steeply banked 3.3-mile "tri-oval," Amick lost control and his car smashed into a cement wall. The front wheels and axle were ripped away from the car, which then pitched over and over for about 800 feet down the backstretch. Old timers at the Speedway now remember Amick as a guy with

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a compulsion to win who drove over his head all the time. It was just a matter of time, they say.

Amick at least survived his rookie year. The Indianapolis Motor Speedway is an unforgiving place that has denied many even that. The high speeds necessary to be competitive on the deceptively narrow track—Tom Sneva raised the one-lap record to 203.620 mph in 1978—make any accident a serious matter, but the rewards bestowed on those who master the Speedway are so bountiful that drivers, especially anxious rookies, are frequently tempted to try too hard. In the history of the 500, four rookies have been killed during practice or qualifying—the most recent being Englishman Mike Spence who smacked the wall in 1968—and

seven more have lost their lives during their first race. For this reason, the Speedway has always been extremely selective about whom it allows to enter the 500. Even as early as 1920, the official entry form carried the following injunctions:

COMPETENCY OF DRIVERS—Any driver, who, in the opinion of the officials or Speedway Management, does not show sufficient skill and judgment in the handling of his car to make him a safe factor in competition, will be barred from the track.

PHYSICAL CONDITION OF DRIVERS—Any driver, who, on the day of the race, gives evidence of incompetence or incapacity making him a potential danger to others on the course, may be barred from further competition. The status of his eyesight, heart ac-

tion, blood pressure and general condition must have been approved by the Speedway surgeon at least five days before the contest.

Starting in 1936, rookies were also required to pass a rigorous driving test, no matter what their credentials. That practice continues today, but only as the second hurdle a would-be rookie must leap. The first one is persuading the Speedway to allow him to take the test. This decision is left purely to the discretion of track officials. If you've raced Indy-type cars before and not provoked bad reviews, you'll probably be given the go-ahead.



Left: Every driver at Indianapolis has to pass the drivers' test the first year he comes and must pass a physical exam every year. A United States Auto Club official guides 1963 rookie Graham Hill through the eye test.

Above: In 1978 the 30-men Rookie of the Year panel couldn't agree on one man so two drivers ended up sharing the glories: Rick Meers, who went off to even greater recognition as last year's winner, and Larry Rice (above), in the Bryant Hootung & Cooling Spl.



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If you've won a championship in some other class of high-powered car, you may be okayed. If your portfolio contains neither of those accomplishments, well, you'll just have to throw yourself on the mercy of the Speedway. Last year, one applicant was "sent back to get more experience," as the denial is phrased. In the past, some well-known drivers, Sam Posey and Salt Walther to name two, have been sent back the first time they tried to join the fraternity.

Only after a first-time driver's entry is stamped ACCEPTED, can he face the rookie test. It doesn't matter if he's a dirt-track ace from Des Moines or the reigning world champion direct from the Ferrari team, he has to prove his proficiency to Speedway observers. The actual test has changed a number of times over the years. Originally, back in 1936, each new driver was required to complete ten laps at 80, 90, 100, 105 and 110 mph under the supervision of the event's Chief Steward or a committee appointed by the Steward. But as race cars became faster, the test has been upgraded accordingly, today it requires twenty laps at 160 mph, then another twenty "at whatever speed the

driver feels comfortable" provided that he takes his ease in excess of 170 mph. This second part of the test is performed before a jury of four to six veteran drivers who are also entered in the 500. They then vote on the rookie's acceptability.

Although the speeds are relatively slow in the first phase of the test—on the order of 20 to 25 mph less than what it will take to qualify—it is actually much more difficult than it would appear on the surface because the drivers are required to hold their average lap speeds in the narrow range of 159 to 164 mph. At the same time, they must also stay low on the track, below the racing groove, so as not to interfere with the veterans who are out on the track practicing. This forces the rookie to concentrate on his task, to analyze it as the new form of racing it really is to him, and to develop consistency because any laps outside the allowable speed range will not be counted. Howdy Holmes, the only rookie to make his way into the 1979 race out of the dozen who tried, worked out a system of visual signals with his pit crewmen to help him stay within the target speed range. His crew would receive Holmes' official times for every lap from the timekeeper



Above: Road racer Howdy Holmes of Ann Arbor, Michigan had done only four oval-track events before coming to the Speedway for the first time last year, but he ended up being the only newcomer to qualify for the race and finished in 7th place.

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by radio, then give their driver the "speed up" sign if he was too slow or "back off" if he was "speeding." Although the 29-year-old Holmes was a road-racing veteran with very little oval-track experience—just four races in Volkswagen-powered cars called Super Vees which top out at about 150 mph—he breezed through the rookie test without difficulty.

Not that the test is a snap, however, because even some of the all-time greats faltered at this step of their careers. The cigar-chomping Jimmy Bryan, who is thought to have struggled back in 1951, yet showed true brilliance later and won the 500 in 1958. Tom Sneva also labored mightily at the test, then went on to become the first man to break the 200-mph barrier at Indianapolis.

As the other extreme was Grand Prix driver Chris Amon who never passed his rookie test although he was ranked as one of the fastest—and bravest—Formula 1 drivers of the sixties.

The Speedway is like a college fraternity, in that there is an initiation ceremony of sorts when the rushing driver passes his test and becomes a full-fledged rookie. It's called simply the "removing of the stripes," a rite of passage that has been passed

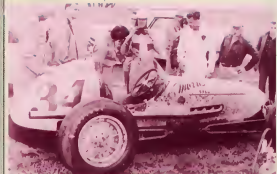
down through the years. The stripes in question are three bars of color, usually formed of some high-contrast tape, affixed to the tail of the novice's car to serve as a visual warning to other drivers that this particular car is just feeling its way around the track and might make an unorthodox move every now and again. But once the rookie passes his test, he can remove the stripes, and this has been the occasion of much flashbulb popping and handshaking over the years.

As the rookies are unlikely to win the race, they are offered, since 1952, a consolation prize in the form of the Rookie of the Year award. Apart from a check for \$5,000, donated by the American Fletcher National Bank in Indianapolis in 1979, this honor is intend-



Above left: Jimmy Bryan, shown here without his trademark cigar, was one of a bumper crop of 17 rookies to take the drivers' test in 1951. He passed the test, qualified the Viking Trailer Spl. at 124.176 mph, but was then bumped from the lineup.

Below left: Eddie Sachs, the clown prince of Indy, took the drivers' test in 1956 and qualified for the race the following year. After he qualified on the pole at 146.592 mph in 1960, legend has it that a reporter rushed up to him, demanding to know the secret of his speed. Sachs is supposed to have held out his right foot and said, "This is it, sonny. Take a good look." Above right: Harry Hertz, an AAA official, affixes the rookie stripes to Chuck Stevenson's Berdahl Special in 1951.





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ed to kick off, with a little extra vigor, the career of the best-performing new driver. The winner is determined by vote of a committee made up of seven United States Auto Club officials, eight Speedway executives and 20 sports-writers. Usually, the award goes to the highest-finishing rookie in the race, but oftentimes the committee has proven to be an independent lot. Four times in the last 28 years it has given the award to a lower-placing man whom they felt more deserving. However, last year, since Holmes was the only rookie—an occurrence so rare it has only happened one time before, 1939—the electors had no choice but to select him. On the other hand, Holmes was a model rookie who finished in seventh place, well above normal rookie territory, and he probably would have won the award

Statistics on individual drivers turn out to be every bit as diverse as the size of the platoons in which they arrive. The hulking Troy Ruttman—6' 3", 190 pounds—was the youngest rookie ever. He was only 19 when he passed the drivers' test in 1949. The rules require a minimum age of 21 so he simply lied, convincingly. At that point Ruttman had already been racing two years in California with an altered birth certificate and used the experience to guide the Carter Special home in 12th place in his first 500. Three years later he became the young-

try, became the first woman to pass the drivers' test in 1976.

Apparently the lure of the Indianapolis 500 is as enticing as ever this year because standing in the rookie line are Don and Bill Whittington, a pair of young Ft. Lauderdale businessmen rapidly becoming famous for the bottomlessness of both their competitive instincts and their financial resources. The Whittingtons have progressed from motocross bikes to unlimited airplanes of the P51 Mustang sort, then sidestepped into sports cars just two years ago. With so little time in four-wheelers, their driving skills lack the polish usually expected of major league drivers and they are very open about their limitations, but at the same time they are fiercely competitive and will-



Top left: Troy Ruttman at 19 was the youngest rookie in Speedway history when he qualified in 1949, and Indy's youngest winner in 1952.

Bottom left: The class of '74 (from left to right): Tom Sneva, Duane "Penccho" Carter Jr., Bill Simpson, Jan Opperman, Tom Bigelow, Larry Cannon and Johnny Parsons Jr.

Top right: Janet Guthrie made the field in 1977 in the Bryant Heating & Cooling Spl. and in 1978 finished 8th in the Texaco Star.

Bottom right: The Whittington brothers, Don and Bill, are seeking admission to the fraternity of Indy drivers this year. In their third year of automobile racing, they have already scored some impressive wins, including Le Mans last June.



even if the field had been swarming with greenhorns.

If the dearth of rookies in Holmes' graduating class ranks as a statistical extreme on the small end of the scale, there are other years in which "packed" would be the proper term for the rookie gallery. Discounting the first 500 in 1911, in which every driver was technically a rookie, there were 19 freshmen in the 1919 class, the first year in which the race was resumed after World War I, and 15 started in 1930. But in all the years since World War II, the largest group of newcomers was 12 in 1951.

est driver ever to win at Indy.

The late Walt Hansgen, a highly respected American sports-car driver, was the oldest Indy rookie, 44, when he passed his test in 1904. That was two years older than the ages of the three oldest drivers ever to win the 500, a distinction shared by Sam Hanks, Mauri Rose and A. J. Foyt, who were all 42 the last time they visited victory circle.

If anything is to be gleaned from all of this statistics-mongering, it is the utter impossibility of predicting the outcome of the 1980 rookie rush by extrapolating past data. About all we can be sure of is that the bulk of the hopefuls will be male, since the only driver of the other persuasion thus far has been Janet Guthrie, who, in her first

ing to lay down the cash for the best equipment in hope of shortening their learning time. This approach brought them victory at Le Mans last summer on only their second try, a race that other men have devoted lifetimes to without success. Neither Don, at 34, nor Bill, at 30, expects that Indy will fall so easily. But, as Don says, echoing every serious American racer's sentiment, "That's where a guy has to go."

If you can overlook their rather remarkable assets and accomplishments for a moment, the Whittingtons are, in fact, the quintessential Indianapolis rookies. They run on pure determination and their tanks are brim full. That, more than anything else, is what it takes to race at Indy.

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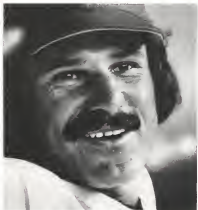
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Ken Reitz of St. Louis has started another season with a flourish, but this time maybe his high average won't wilt

His bat blossoms in the spring

As the crowd files into Busch Memorial Stadium half an hour before a recent game, the left side of the St. Louis Cardinals' infield is in a subterranean chamber, playing basketball. Shortstop Gerry Templeton misses from the corner, and now he and Third Baseman Ken Reitz both have H-O-R-S. Reitz lofts a 15-foot jumper. *Swish!* With the pressure on, Templeton tries to match the shot, and... that's an E-6, if you're scoring.

Considering the time of year, the outcome of the game was inevitable. Reitz just can't miss in the early spring. He and Templeton exit the court laughing, and then Reitz goes out and gets two hits in a Cardinal victory over San Francisco.

Every year, you see, Reitz comes in like Deany Lyons (.367 in 1887) and goes out like Lyman Lamb (.254 in 1921). He has a standing reservation among the Top Ten hitters the first few weeks of the

season. A lifetime .263 batter, he has hit .325 for his eight big league Aprils. That is a remarkable 56 points higher than his next best month, June. Reitz' finest April came in 1974 when he batted .417 and finished the year at .271.

April is the cruellest month for him, only because it raises such high expectations. But this year his quick start has continued into May. On April 30 Reitz was batting .397 and at the end of last week his .385 average was 11 points better than anybody else's in either league. Not all of his getaways have been so spectacular. He has also had some rotten Aprils, a .177 in 1973, his first full major league season, and a .211 in 1977, the year he returned to the Cardinals after a season in San Francisco. But he was pressing that month, so his April surge was delayed until May when he hit .366 with six home runs and 23 RBIs and was named National League Player of the Month. Reitz' fast starts also include September of 1972, the month he broke in with the Cards and hit .359. But a .231 career average in the seven Septembers since makes that his worst month.

St. Louis Manager Ken Boyer can make no sense of Reitz' fast starts and

limping exits. "Maybe it's because he's such a ball of fire that he wears himself out," Boyer says. "He's a good fastball hitter, so maybe it's because he sees a lot of fastballs early in the year when the pitchers can't get their curves over."

Reitz himself has no answer. "I don't know why April is so special," he says. "Let's see, I was married during the All-Star break, my kids were born in February and November. My birthday is in June. Maybe I just love April because that's when the baseball season starts."

Reitz' average has never been this high. He batted .355 last year. Just nine weeks ago he was hitting .417. After a 3-for-5 game against San Francisco, teammate George Hendrick, who was batting .355 himself, came up to Reitz and said, "They call me Hard Hendrick, but I'm giving that name to you."

The Cardinal lineup is so loaded with .300 hitters—five St. Louis batters among the league's Top Ten—that the leading hitter in baseball has to bat sixth. Though that may seem an injustice, it's not; Reitz is near the bottom partly because he is one of the game's slowest runners.

This spring some of the Cardinals detect a new Reitz out there, one who won't fall off as dramatically as he has in the past. "He's being much more selective about what pitches he goes after," says deluding batting champ Keith Hernandez, taking note of Reitz' increased number of bases on balls. "He's always been a free swinger, but now he's waiting on

continued

the pitch. Once the pitchers catch on, they'll start throwing strikes, and Kenny can start swinging again."

Jack Krol, a Cardinal coach who managed Reitz in the minors, says, "I think it's a matter of maturity. I've got some stories about when he was with me in Tulsa. Do you want to hear about the time he leveled a row of seats with his batting helmet, or the time he threw the game ball over the centerfield fence after a friend of his was ejected? Today he doesn't throw things nearly as far. His temper is 100% improved." Nevertheless, Reitz did tear up an airport waiting lounge last season when he was annoyed by a plane delay.

In an indirect way, Reitz' prolonged fast start this season may be the result of his pregame basketball playing. "He's calmed down this year," Boyer says. "He's in the same mold as Pete Rose in that the adrenaline is always going, but he's not taking a hundred ground balls in practice like he used to." Instead, he's down in the stadium's disused handball court horsing around with teammates like Templeton, Pete Vackovich and Steve Swisher. "I like the idea of all those people in the stands waiting for a baseball game, and me, down there, playing basketball," says Reitz. "It relaxes me."

Reitz' lack of foot speed is sort of a running joke with the Cardinals. A few winters ago the club asked UCLA Track Coach Jim Bush to try to quicken his pace. According to Reitz, Bush told him he could turn a raw 9.8 dash man into a 9.2 sprinter, but that Reitz was hopeless. "I'm like a station wagon at Indianapolis, but at least I know the direction to first," he says.

Slow as he is, Reitz has amazing lateral range as a fielder. And his glove and his arm are as steady as any third baseman's. The Cardinals can't understand why Mike Schmidt of the Phillies keeps winning Gold Gloves that they feel Reitz deserves. Schmidt even won in 1977 when Reitz set a record for fewest errors by a third baseman (nine). Oddly, his only Gold Glove came in 1975, when he made the most errors of his career, 23. "I was embarrassed to get it," says Reitz.

Reitz' interest in playing H-O-R-S-E may be derived from the days when he performed in rodeos on real horses. He gave that up when the Cardinals said they didn't like the idea of his being thrown. "I didn't much like being thrown off, either," he says. His horsing around also

helped to foster the myth that he is of Indian heritage. Some players still claim Reitz is part Cherokee, and they call him "Crazy Horse." The fact of the matter is that Reitz is of German and Irish descent. He grew up in Daly City, Calif., not far from Candlestick Park, in a baseball family. His father played at Mission High School, a few years before Hernandez' dad, and his brother Ray was in the Giants' organization for a while. "At the dinner table, we used to slide into the soup," says Reitz. Signed at 18, Reitz made a rapid rise to the majors, thanks mainly to his fielding. At 28, he is already an eight-year veteran.

Reitz' fits of temper haven't kept him from developing a good-guy image. "He keeps everybody loose," says Hernandez. "You can't help but laugh around him." Reitz is also known for his generosity to relatives, teammates and the kids at St James (Mo.) Boys Club. "Baseball's very important to him," says Cardinal Outfielder Dane Iorg, "but what he does goes beyond baseball. He's just a fine human being, and when you get down to it, that's the most important thing."

There you have it. Great heart, great glove, great bat. Well, at least for now.

THE WEEK

(May 11-17)

by HERM WEISKOPF

NL WEST Something old—a pair of dependable pitchers—and something new—a flock of youngsters—boosted the Dodgers (5-1) into first place. Don Sutton, 35, doubled his victory total as he beat Chicago 2-1 and Pittsburgh 3-1 with plenty of help from some whopper-snappers. Adding Sutton against the Cubs were Rudy Law, 23, who stole four bases, and Bobby Castillo, 25, who pitched the final three innings and struck out six batters. Steve Howe, 22, wrapped up Sutton's three-hitter against the Pirates by working a perfect ninth inning. Jerry Reuss, 30, twice picked up for Dave Goltz. Five days after Reuss came out of the bullpen to save Goltz' 4-2 triumph over St. Louis, he started when Goltz got the flu and beat Pittsburgh 8-6.

Something borrowed—a tip from Baiting Coach Ted Kluszewski to stop lurching at pitches—helped Ray Knight of Cincinnati (1-4) equal a record. Knight became the 20th player in major league history to hit two home runs in one inning, one a grand slam, as the

Reds waloped the Mets 15-4. Dave Collins added to the assault with four hits—a day after getting married. Other notable accomplishments were wasted, however. Tom Seaver allowed Montreal only three hits but lost 2-1, and Harry Spilman came through with a pair of pinch homers that drove in four runs in two other defeats.

Something Blue—Vlade—helped the Giants (4-2) to their most successful week of the season. After spending much of Tuesday at a court hearing on the theft of his \$30,000 BMW, Blue pitched his first shutout since 1978 that night against Pittsburgh, yielding four hits and striking out nine. Four days later, Blue beat the Cardinals 4-2 as Darrell Evans hit a grand slam.

Some players admit there is more rabbit in the ball this season, but judging from the ineptitude of National League batters last week, the ball may instead have a little turtle in it. In a 31-game week, which featured six shutouts and just 23 homers, Houston (0-5) had the feeblest offense of all. The Astros hit .196 with only four doubles and one triple and went 24 innings without a run.

San Diego (4-4) had the stingiest pitching, allowing seven runs. When Randy Jones wasn't hurling shutouts and extending his string of innings without a walk to 39%, John Curtis and Rolfe Fingers were dispatching hitters with ease. Fingers twice pitched a pair of scoreless innings against St. Louis, earning a 3-2 victory when Gene Richards drove in the decisive run in the ninth and then saving a 2-1 triumph for Curtis. Also displaying a fine arm was Catcher Bill Fahey, who got a save of another kind in the 2-1 win by cutting down three would-be base stealers.

Gary Matthews and Bob Horner came out of the Atlanta (2-2) doghouse and showed some bite. Three hits by Matthews helped Phil Niekro defeat brother Joe of the Astros 7-4. During a two-game split with the Phillies, Horner ended an 0-for-21 slump with a single and then hit his first homer of the season.

LA 20-13 CIN 20-14 HOUS 16-14
SD 17-17 ATL 11-18 SF 13-22

NL EAST The Expos (4-0) hit only .216, but opposing batters fared even worse against 40-year-old left-hander Woodie Fryman. Fryman retired all 19 batters he faced, 17 on consecutive nights in Houston to preserve 3-2 and 1-0 victories. After a day off, Fryman got the final two outs—and his sixth save—as the Expos beat the Reds 2-1.

Reliever Bruce Sutter of Chicago (2-4) also performed brilliantly. He earned his ninth and 10th saves with three scoreless innings that helped polish off the Dodgers 5-2 and the Padres 2-1.

There was no catching the first-place Pirates (2-4), who regrouped after 5-0 losses in San Diego and San Francisco to steal out

continued

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pair of 3-2 victories over the Giants. After Jim Bibby (5-0) and Kent Tekulve disposed of the Giants in one of those wins, Bill Madlock finished them off in the other with a 12th-inning single.

With Dick Ruthven fully recovered from off-season elbow surgery, Philadelphia (4-1) climbed from fourth to second. Ruthven helped himself with a two-run single as he beat the Reds 7-3 with line relief from Dick Niles and then went the distance for the first time since May 1979, in a five-hit, 3-0 defeat of the Astros. During Ruthven's first win of the week, Pete Rose stole second, third and home in one inning against his former team. Larry Christenson slugged a three-run homer—the Phillies' only four-bagger of the week—while beating Houston 4-2.

"The club is flat," said Keith Hernandez of the Cardinals (1-5), whose only victory was a 2-1 gift from the Padres, one St. Louis run scoring on a bases-loaded walk and the other set up by a San Diego error. "Maybe I should throw things around in the clubhouse," said mild-mannered Manager Ken Boyer. For a change, George Hendrick also had something to say to the press. After botching a fly ball in rightfield, he admitted, "I probably should have caught it."

In between open dates and rainouts, the Mets (2-1) beat the Reds 7-6 and the Braves 5-3. Jerry Morales, who had been hitless in 28 plate appearances, singled across the deciding run against Cincinnati. In Atlanta, the New Yorkers got four-hit pitching from Pete Falcone and Neil Allen, who nailed down his sixth save, and three RBIs from John Stemons.

PIT 10-11 PHIL 15-12 CHC 19-15
MONT 10-15 ST. L. 14-18 NY 11-10

AL WEST

Although 5' 5" Harry Chappis was sent to the minors to make room for the return of Francisco Barrion, Bill Veck of Chicago (3-3) wasn't caught short. For a pregame show, Veck had White Sox Pitching Coach Ron Schuler throw a rubber ball to Hervé Villechaise, the 3' 11" Tannoy of Fantasy Island. Tannoy swung—and missed—at only one of four pitches, but Veck set off his exploding scoreboard anyway—as a tribute to a "fantasy" home run. Barrion, who hadn't pitched since last July and who underwent shoulder surgery in September, gave up three very real homers to the Brewers during his predetermined 60-pitch return. The White Sox retaliated with three home runs of their own and won 6-5 in the 10th on Thad Bosley's single. Brian Burns went five innings in relief to pick up the victory, and Ed Farmer got his ninth save. Burns then shut out the Mariners 4-0 on three hits, giving him a 5-2 record and a 1.36 ERA. After his pinch-hit, three-run double helped button down a 6-4 victory over the Brewers, Wayne Nordengen admitted, "I didn't even see the pitch because it

came out of the shirts in the benches."

Butch Wynegar of Minnesota (2-4) also had a lucky double, a checked-swing blooper in the ninth that gave the Twins their first win in 15 games in Boston since August 1977. Mike Marshall's frustrating spring continued: He incurred his third \$100 fine for ignoring a club rule that requires neckties on road trips; he tied a team record with three wild pitches in one game; and his ERA soared to 9.00.

First-place Oakland (2-3) drubbed Toronto 12-1 after tangling with the Blue Jays in a weekend series (page 24).

Darrell Porter of Kansas City (3-3) continued his remarkable comeback, driving in 10 runs to give him 18 in 50 as bats this season. The designated hitter's spree was particularly helpful to Larry Gura. Porter had five RBIs as Gura coasted past the Yankees 12-3, and his 10th-inning single made Gura a 2-1 winner over the Angels. Having had just two days' rest, Renie Martin became an emergency starter when Paul Splittorf came down with a bad back. Martin warmed up for 10 minutes and then fired six innings of one-hit, one-run ball as Kansas City beat New York 4-1. Royal pitchers weren't nearly as effective in their next two outings, giving up 28 hits and 22 walks while losing to the Yankees 16-3 and the Angels 11-1. California (2-2) also battered Cleveland, 13-7, as Dave Skaggs drove in five runs the day after he was purchased from Baltimore. But the Angels' offense will have to get along for approximately six weeks without Don Baylor, who suffered a broken left wrist.

Dave Roberts of Texas (3-3), starting at third base because Buddy Bell had a pinched nerve in his back, hit a grand slam to defeat Baltimore 6-3. Doc Medich's improved curveball made the White Sox look sick in a 5-1 win, making him 13-5 since last June 24.

Dartmouth alumna Jim Beattie of Seattle (3-2) expounded on the vagaries of pitching, by saying, "It's becoming increasingly clear to me that in order for one to be a winning pitcher, his team has to score more runs than the other guys." Beattie earned his first two triumphs as his teammates scored enough to beat the Indians 9-4 and the White Sox 4-2. Rick Honeycutt's winning streak ended at six games in a 4-0 loss to Chicago, but, following Glenn Abbott's five-hit, 7-0 triumph over the Blue Jays, the Mariners' record was still seven games better than it was at the same stage last year.

OKA 19-14 CHC 16-15 KC 17-15 TEX 17-15
SEA 17-18 CAL 13-18 MINN 14-20

AL EAST

Larry Hite of Milwaukee (3-3), who spent five seasons in Minnesota, and who, after moving to the Brewers, missed most of last year because of a bum shoulder, was given the Forgotten Man Award by the Twin Cities' baseball writers. That same day Hite gave them

plenty to remember him by—two homers as the Brewers prevailed 14-11. For the week Hite hit .412 and drove in 10 runs. Further punch came from Paul Molitor, who stole three bases, drilled four doubles and raised his average to a league-leading .375 by batting .478.

Tommy John, Ruppert Jones and Reggie Jackson boosted the Yankees (4-2) into the division lead. John ran his record to 7-0 by beating Minnesota 5-0 and Texas 6-2. Jones had three RBIs in each of John's starts and eight overall. Jackson hit his eighth homer and, during Tom Underwood's 3-0 win over the Rangers, drove in two runs.

Toronto (2-3) dropped back to second despite a spine-tingling 1-0 defeat of Seattle. In that game Bob Beiler stole three bases and Jim Clancy pitched a three-hitter.

By staying in shape, Reliever Tom Burgmeier, 36, of Boston (5-2) continued to bend hitters out of shape. Burgmeier, who runs from five to eight miles a day and frequently works out on a Nautilus, lengthened his hitless streak to 955 innings by retiring all 19 men he faced while recording two saves and a win. Fred Lynn hit for the cycle during a 10-5 conquest of the Twins, homered three times, drove in 10 runs and batted .545.

Dan Graham, a left-handed-hitting catcher recently brought up from the minors, lifted Baltimore (2-3) out of the cellar with eight hits in 12 at bats, one of them a single that gave Mike Flanagan a 2-1 win in Detroit.

Another player just up from the bushes, Miguel Dilone, gave Cleveland its lone victory when he singled in the 10th to beat Boston

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

RANDY JONES: The San Diego lefty yielded only nine singles, did not give up a walk and lowered his ERA to 1.82 as he pitched his second and third straight shutouts, beating Pittsburgh on six hits and Chicago on three.

4-3. Two hitting streaks ended as the Indians fell into the basement: Jorge Orta's at 17 games and Mike Hargrove's at 23. Only a desperate manager could find reason to make a cleanup hitter of Toby Harrah, who was batting .217. But Cleveland skipper Dave Garcia was inspired to do so—because "Harrah has hit some long, hard foul balls lately."

Detroit (3-1) fans no longer can cheer for Mark Fidrych, who is in the minors, but following a 6-5 victory over Oakland they were dancing outside Tiger Stadium at 11 p.m. Touching off the celebration was the town's sweetest hero, Shortstop Alan Trammell, whose fourth hit of the game drove in two runs in the ninth for a 6-5 win. By hitting .500, Trammell raised his average to .365.

NY 19-12 TOR 17-13 BOS 17-18 MIL 15-15
DET 14-17 BAL 14-18 CLEV 12-18



The Islanders blasted five power-play goals past Philadelphia's Phil Myre as they won Game 3

Identical identities

The Flyers and Islanders are so alike the Cup finals have been hard to like

Any best-of-seven series can be expected to have its feeling-out period, a game or two in which the foes probe each other for soft spots that might later be exploited. But when you are three games into a Stanley Cup final and the highlight is a holding penalty whistled by Referee Andy van Hellemond in overtime of Game 1, there is reason to suspect that what you've seen is what you're going to keep getting, that the purling—in this case the New York Islanders and the Philadelphia Flyers—is an unfortunate one in which the two parties, as in a bad marriage, bring out the very worst in each other. Captain Denis Potvin was

dead right when, after his Islanders' 6-2 win last Saturday night, which put them ahead two games to one, he said, "There's been no unbelievable play in the series yet. What you have here are just two hard-nosed hockey teams that are going at it, trying to put the puck in the net any way they can."

The problem could well be that the Islanders and Flyers are too much alike. Both teams have offenses that depend on forechecking and defenses that make the area in front of the net a minefield for opposing forwards. The Islanders have a sniper in Mike Bossy and a speedster in Bob Bourne; the Flyers counter with a sniper in Reggie Leach and a speedster in Ken (Rat) Linseman. The Islanders have the ubiquitous Butch Goring; the Flyers have the ubiquitous Bobby Clarke. This balancing act goes awry only on defense, where Philadelphia lacks any facsimile of Potvin. Both teams pride themselves on digging in the corners and tying up their counterparts, and as a result there was approximately one game-delaying face-off every 50 seconds in the first three games. Said one grizzled ob-

server after Saturday night's game, "The bar mitzvah back at the hotel was more exciting than this."

The Islander-Flyer series was expected to be very rough, even a war, but Tuesday night's opener at the Spectrum unfolded as the NHL's answer to Jimmy Young vs. Jimmy Young, a counter-punching affair in which neither side committed itself offensively. "Part of our strategy is to establish our forechecking and dominate the game," said Flyer Defenseman Behn Wilson. "But we didn't do that. We were so worried about making a mistake that we were tentative. We've got to realize that hockey's a game of mistakes."

Hockey's also a game of breaks, and in the third period, with the score tied 2-2, the breaks came freakishly. First, Flyer Rick MacLeish scored a fluke goal—Philadelphia's first goal had been freakish, too, having been scored inadvertently by Potvin, of all people—off the back of Goalie Billy Smith's leg for a 3-2 lead. Then, with slightly less than four minutes left and the Islanders on the power play, the Flyers' Bill Barber broke his stick.

"If I'd been on the other side of the ice, I'd have come right off," Barber said, "but as it was, I would've had to skate all the way across the rink. So I stayed out there. Bossy threw the pass across to [Stefan] Persson, and if I'd had a stick, I know I could've tipped it. But..." Persson fired the tying goal past Pete Peeters, sending the game into overtime and setting the stage for van Hellemond's show of integrity.

Two minutes into OT, Islander John Tonelli was carrying the puck past Defenseman Jimmy Watson and seemed headed for a point-blank shot against a very lonesome Peeters when Watson hauled him down by the throat, a flagrant infraction. Van Hellemond rightly made the holding call as the Spectrum crowd howled in protest. All too often in similar situations the referee has looked the other way, fearful of assessing a penalty that might decide the game in sudden death.

"It was a great call," said NHL Referee-in-Chief Scotty Morrison.

"It wasn't necessarily a bad call," said

continued



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Watson. "But usually ... in overtime...."

"No comment," fumed Flyer Coach Pat Quinn.

Potvin scored the game-winner with one second left in Watson's penalty, the first overtime power-play goal in the 46 years that the NHL has kept records for the Stanley Cup finals. Suddenly, the home-ice advantage shifted to the Islanders, who to that point had an 8-1 road record during the playoffs.

Quinn used the next day to study films of Game 1 and bemoan the officiating. When he wasn't snarling things like, "If you put a bunch of Flyer sweaters out there on coat hangers, they'd draw penalties," Quinn noticed that the Islander defensemen had sagged back as the Flyers came up-ice in Game 1. One way for the Flyers to attack such a defense, he figured, would be for the forwards to carry the puck across the blue line instead of dumping it in and chasing it—or not chasing it, as had been the case Tuesday.

Goring got the Islanders off to a 1-0 lead in the early minutes of Game 2. Then, moments later, he beat Peeters on a slapshot, but the puck hit the post head-on and bounced harmlessly away. For some reason, this seemed to totally deflate the Islanders. The Flyers scored eight of the next nine goals, waltzing freely in front of the net, skating out from behind the cage while the dazed Islanders looked on, shoveling pucks at will under Smith. Paul Holmgren, the big Flyer winger once known strictly for his fists, became the first American-born player to score a hat trick in the Stanley Cup playoffs, the total distance of his three scoring shots having been perhaps the length of his stick. But such was the nature of the Islanders' defense—or lack of it, Final score: Philadelphia 8, New York 3.

As the series moved to the Nassau Coliseum, it was hoped that both teams would finally strut their best stuff in Game 3. Quinn, as is his practice, benched Peeters, a rookie, on the road and started veteran Phil Myre in goal, but his strategy, such as it was, quickly backfired. In the first 2½ minutes the Islanders got a shorthanded goal when Lorne Henning slapped a 40-foot shot through Myre's legs, and before the first period was over they had added three more scores on power plays, one each by Potvin, Bryan Trottier and Bossy. Forced to open up, the Flyers surrendered two



The Flyers: Bobby Clarke has been everywhere, as always, but so has Islander Center Butch Goring.

more power-play goals in the second period as the Islanders took a 6-0 lead and then coasted to their 6-2 win. On the night, the Islander power play was a remarkable five-for-five. For the three games New York had scored 10 power-play goals, one shorthanded goal and only two goals with the teams at even strength.

"The power play has been the difference, there's no question about it," said Trottier, who centers the unit with Bossy and either Bourne or Clark Gillies on the wings, and Potvin and Persson on the point. "In other years we haven't scored on the power play in the playoffs. Thank goodness we are now."

The Flyers traditionally have been successful penalty killers, one reason why they have been able to play so aggressively while at even strength. Against Minnesota in the semifinals they killed 26 of 27 North Star power plays during one stretch, permitting no North Star to catch a whiff of the slot. The Flyers' philosophy on such occasions is to get away with as much as they possibly can in defending their goal. Says Wilson, who was called for eight penalties during the three Islander games, "If you didn't do anything that was in some degree illegal, you'd get killed out there. Penalties are subjective calls. If you can get away with something, then you're helping your club. The guys are pressing the limit all the time, trying to find out what each referee's limit is. But the power play—we've got to watch it. The Islanders have got some guys who work it really well. At some point I guess you have to back off from that limit."

The key to the Islander power play is that there is no single key; in the three games against Philly every member of the unit, except Bourne, scored at least once. Both Persson and Potvin move in well from the point and get their shots off quickly; Potvin scored two goals in Game 1 and two more in Game 3, and three of the four were off the power play. Bossy and Trottier are brilliant stickhandlers who can beat an overaggressive defender one-on-one. "On each power play you're starting over," says Trottier, "but we've got confidence in ourselves now. We think we can score."

Asked if he thought the Flyers would back off some after having been stung by New York's 10 power-play goals in 18 attempts—that's a 56% success rate (30% is considered excellent)—the pacifistic Bossy smiled. "I hope not," he said. "It means less power plays."

For his part, Quinn turns apologetic at the mere mention of penalties. "You're getting into a situation that's very touchy with me," he says. "Look, we'll be all right. We've killed penalties all year and we'll get that back together." They'll have to do it quickly. Holmgren injured his knee Saturday night and Watson reinjured his shoulder, and both might be finished until next season.

In the meantime, the Islanders could care less if this series goes down as a dud or a classic. Says Trottier, "We can play physical if we have to; we can skate if we have to; we can grind, stop and go along the boards if we have to. We can do whatever it takes to beat them on the scoreboard."

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by **DUNLOP**

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From their Caribcraft, Harvard's Jay Smith, John Kelly and Charles Storey cheer victory over Yale

An eight-oared crew has a bad race, and no one can really say why. The oarsman sits locked in his world of pain, and who knows if he pulled to his limit? Does he? The coxswain will tell one version of the race, then another; what is truth, anyway, in the midst of five minutes of frenzy? Seen from the shore, the shells pass quickly by—knees, elbows, flashing oar blades, all precise and in unison—and the race ends too soon. It is impossible to analyze, but someone always tries. The best crew won, the coaches always say, but did that new boat help? Or the wind, gusting from side to side, whom did it hurt? And what of the water, all treacherous with whitecaps?

It has been a prime year for such ruminations. Last week's Pac-10 rowing championships in a Redwood Shores, Calif. lagoon was billed as a showdown between Washington and undefeated Cal. The Golden Bears had taken three straight races from the once all-mighty Huskies, the last just three weeks earlier at Oakland, and an era of Cal supremacy on the West Coast seemed aborning. The Bears were a wonder to behold,

The whole truth is . . .

... that Harvard is undefeated and that Washington's borrowed shell upset Cal

in part because they had a 19-year-old freshman, Dan Louis, as their stroke. He had rowed in high school and sculled on last year's U.S. national team, getting two seconds, a third and a fourth on a European summer tour. And among the other Cal wonders was sophomore Four Oar Randy Thomas, weighing only 185 pounds but having immense biceps. He had never rowed before arriving at Cal, but he did have some athletic ability, having lettered in football, baseball, soccer, track, swimming and tennis in his senior year of high school at Berkeley.

Behind Thomas at three oar was 207-pound Petar Matthiessen, nicknamed

Mongo after the creature who punched out a horse in the film *Blazing Saddles*. As a clumsy freshman, Matthiessen splintered oars and seats, prompting his teammates to call him Chainsaw. Now, says Cal Coach Steve Gladstone, "He's like an iron hand in a silk glove." It takes an ironlike body to score a 3.745 on the ergometer, as Matthiessen does, or a 3,850, as Five Oar Dave Reddick does, or a 3,900, as Six Oar Brad Stine does.

Cal had geared its winter training to April's San Diego Crew Classic, where Cal would have its only chance to row Harvard. But a broken sewer main contaminated Mission Bay, and the regatta was canceled. So the Bears took their frustration and all that conditioning out on the Pac-10s and set off in pursuit of their first undefeated season in 20 years. And on the big-time-sports Cal campus a strange thing began to happen: people noticed the oarsmen. A professor stopped Coxswain Mark Zembsch and said, "Great job against Cornell." A checker in a supermarket offered Zembsch a discount. Cal football players shouted, "Do it to Washington!" And suddenly photos of the crew began appearing on the front pages of the San Francisco papers.

But the Bears would pay a price for their new success. Their April victory over Washington—the last of the string of three against the Huskies extending back to April 1979—provoked Washington Coach Dick Erickson to make the most dramatic and controversial lineup change of his 13-year career, and he did it literally overnight. Erickson switched the seats of two men, and he dropped three upperclassmen from the boat, inserting in their stead three sophomores, including, at two oar, his son Al. "My dad once told me that to make his boat I would have to be visibly better than anyone else," Al says.

"Well, he's right up there," says Erickson Sr., "one of our top 10 heavyweights in ERG scores and in running, two objective measures of rowing talent." At the Pac-10s Erickson Sr. was saying of the changes, "I brought us from a stoic, unemotional group to an enthusiastic, aggressive one."

The Washington crew got to Califor-

continued

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na 36 hours early, about the time a non-Pac-10 regatta was ending in Los Angeles. The University of British Columbia eight, on its way home from that regatta, stopped off at Redwood Shores, which is outside San Francisco, and left its carbon-fiber Carbrocraft shell with Erickson. In April UBC had lent the shell to the Canadian Olympic crew, which took it to Seattle and beat Erickson's boys. Erickson was impressed.

The Carbrocraft was 40 pounds lighter and far more rigid than the wooden boat Washington had been using. By the time Pac-10 competition began, the Huskies had logged 7½ hours of practice in it, and Erickson said, "I've always felt there was no such thing as a fast chariot. But now I'm starting to wonder, and it's silly for me not to let my guys play with what may be the best toys. I know we were a boat length short of Cal in April, and I owe it to them to try something. So if we go down again to Cal, at least we go down trying." Erickson was chuckling now. "But don't tell Steve Gladstone," he said. "Let it just be a surprise. When he sees it, he'll say, 'Why that old snake-oil salesman!'"

On the day before the Pac-10 final the Huskies won two qualifying heats in the borrowed boat, against Stanford and UCLA. After the first race senior Stroke Greg Giuliani said, "The boat is awfully shaky. We threw a few crabs." But after the second he seemed relieved. "It feels better every time," he said.

By then the Carbrocraft boat was no longer a secret to Cal. The Bears' two oar, Craig Amerikanian, was calling it "the Crabcraft," and on the eve of the race he said, "We haven't even pushed yet. If everyone in our boat reaches his God-given potential in the same race, no one will touch us. At the very least, it will be a real barn burner tomorrow."

Meanwhile, Cal was not the country's only undefeated crew. Harvard had yet to lose, having won the Eastern Sprints a week earlier on a Worcester, Mass. wind tunnel called Lake Quinsigamond. Coach Harry Parker's Crimson did it in a brand-new Carbrocraft shell—its own—heating Yale, another Carbrocraft owner, by a boat length. The Elis had used their shell in the Eastern Sprints of '78 and '79, winning both times, and one of three men who rowed in all three races, senior Steve Kiesling, has made some interesting observations on the subject of space-age material vs. old-fashioned human

muscle and technique. Kiesling has written an as-yet-unpublished book on rowing, *The Shell Game*. Of his first sprints' victory he says, "The boat was nearly 30 pounds lighter . . . than the nearest competitor's, but saving 30 pounds when the gross weight of the boat and oarsmen approaches 2,000 pounds seems hardly significant. Nevertheless, if the competition believed we had an advantage, then we had one. . . I believe that on that day



Parker was Crimson flushed with success.

we could have won dragging a battleship anchor."

The best crew always wins, of course. Everyone agrees on that, and nearly everyone wants a Carbrocraft. So Harvard and Yale arrived at Quinsigamond with their futuristic shells, but it was still a classic confrontation. After all, the Crimson's shell bore the name Leverett Saltonstall '14, the Elis' James S. Rockefeller '24, and that was fitting for such an august rivalry. Masts and sails would have been less so, but more functional.

A 12-knot head wind gusted down the course, the shells bounced around like twigs in a freshet, and at the end of 25 strokes Harvard led Yale by half a length. Right at the start the Elis' port oarsmen had caught water badly with their oars, slowing the boat. Ted Tsomides, the Crimson coxswain, glanced over and the

Yale five man was beside him. He called to his crew, "I've got the five man. Give me the four." At 500 meters he said, "I've got three. Now give me two." At 1,000, Yale, always strongest in the middle third of a race, made its move. The lake was a fury when Yale took a Power Ten and gained two seats. Tsomides responded with, "Now it's our turn. Let's take a 20," and Harvard got the seats back. Yale couldn't recover from its shaky start, and Harvard won by a length. The Crimson's time was 6:36.7, over six minutes for the first time this year.

The Harvard two oar, Kurt Teske, said, "When you consider what we lived through out there. Ted coxed the greatest race I've ever seen." As for the coxswain himself, he kept making changes in his account of the race, in the sequence of events, in the orders to his crew. "I was too close to really see what was happening," Tsomides said. Across the dock, the Yale Cox Guy Gregoire was shaking his head and saying, "I don't know where our trouble started."

It was easy to think of the early spring on the Charles in Cambridge, the whistling wind, the turbulent river. But one could also conjure up a vision of Harvard sprinting to victory dragging a battleship anchor. It had been Harvard's day, just as a week later it would be Washington's day against Cal.

The Huskies threw a few crabs at the start last Sunday morning. The boat seemed flutty, but Washington led by a seat at 100 meters. That is what the announcer said, though later the Husky Cox, Eric Cohen, would say no, that the boats were even. What is truth in a crew race? Cal led by two seats at 500, Washington by one at 550, by a foot at 1,000 and, finally, by three-quarters of a length. Dick Erickson, ashore, was trembling.

Later Cal's Thomas was asked, "When was your biggest lead?"

"Who knows?" he replied. "I just bury my head and look up at the end."

And the Bears' Amerikanian said of the Carbrocraft, "It was mainly a mental thing. Just thinking it was faster helped their confidence."

In the last analysis, 32 young men rowed to their fullest capacities, or thereabouts, on two consecutive weekends, and half of them won. As Keats wrote of beauty and truth—and there is much beauty and many truths in rowing—" . . . that is all ye know . . . and all ye need to know."

Ah, that Jack Brand, he's a cool one. Too cool to smoke the god of goal-tending with stuffed animals or amulets tucked inside the net like some other goalkeepers in the North American Soccer League. Too cool to wear the enormous floppy Donald Duck gloves that have come into vogue. Too cool even to go by a nickname. So cool that he simply quit the game after the 1979 season when he felt he had been treated badly. And then cool enough to reconsider and come back to the nets for the Seattle Sounders this season and to coolly present his teammates with a bundle of clean sheets. A clean sheet isn't a Michelin Guide symbol for chambermaid service, but English jargon for shutouts. Going into last Saturday night's game against

the San Diego Sockers, the 26-year-old Brand had no fewer than eight of them in 10 games and four in a row.

Brand and the Sounders weren't able to extend the streak to five, which would have broken a decade-old NASL record held by Lincoln Phillips of the Washington Darts, but they did pull out a 3-2 overtime win to put their record at 9-1, the best in the league.

Immediately behind them are the Fort Lauderdale Strikers (8-2) and the Cosmos (7-2). While both those teams boast shooting stars—the Cosmos' Giorgio Chinaglia broke the NASL career record last week with his 103rd goal, and Ray Hudson of the Strikers is tied for third in the league scoring this season with 19 points—the Sounders have marched

to the top spot to a different beat.

Including Saturday's scores, only five goals have entered Seattle's nets this season. Two came in the Sounders' 3-2 win over California three weeks ago, and the remaining one was scored in a tie-breaking shootout that defending league champion Vancouver won 1-0. Goals scored in shootouts, however, don't count against a keeper's record.

Although Brand's goals-against average is an amazing 0.38, he says depressingly, "I don't believe in statistics. Forget shutouts. Who won? And besides, most of the shutouts aren't my doing. The defenders are doing it." Poll the Sounder defenders and they'll tell you the midfielders are responsible: the midfielders graciously accuse the forwards. Perhaps no one knows quite why the Sounders are tearing up the league.

It wasn't supposed to happen this way. This was to be a rebuilding season for a team that in 1979 had been wracked by bitter feelings left from the early-season NASL players' strike in which only a portion of the Sounders had participated, a team that had been plagued by injuries and, finally, a team that had been accused of doing most of its scoring at post-game parties. The result was a 13-17 record, the first losing season in the Sounders' six-year history.

Then last winter Vince Colucco, a Seattle construction man, purchased the team from 11 disappointed and squabbling owners. Subsequently, President-General Manager Jack Daley replaced the Sounders' easygoing coach, Jim Gabel, with Alan Hinton, an English-born disciplinarian who had been fired from his first head coaching job, with the Tulsa Roughnecks.

Hinton and Daley set about building a team modeled on the champion Whitecaps: an amalgam of British experience and tolerance for work combined with youthful North American energy. No German, Dutch, Peruvian or Italian superstars need apply.

"We didn't want a multinational team," says Hinton. "We just wanted lads who had good character, who worked hard and did their jobs. Lads who grew up in the same football system and spoke

continued

Their Brand is a great big O

Goalkeeper Jack Brand has eight shutouts in 10 games for Seattle's Sounders, a team no longer discordant but now humming along sweetly in first place



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the same language. Superstars cause more trouble than the results they give you are worth."

Along with achieving lingual homogeneity, Hinton created the most effective defense in the league. He got 32-year-old David Nish, a former English international player, from Tulsa and moved him from midfield to the back. Hinton did the same with 33-year-old Bruce Rioch (pronounced ree-ock), the former World Cup captain for Scotland. "These lads had lost their engines for midfield," Hinton says, "but they've got years left in the back with less running."

Hinton kept the veteran Seattle midfielder, John Ryan of England, and youthful Ian Bridge, a 20-year-old Canadian. In another trade with Tulsa, he got British Forward Roger Davies, who now is second in scoring to Chianaglia, with 20 points for the young season.

To complete his defense, Hinton wanted Brand, who had performed brilliantly at Tulsa in '79, achieving a shutout and a 1.60 goals-against average in the playoffs. But by the time Hinton went shopping, Brand had had enough of the NASL and its disputes and was off to Braun-schweig, West Germany, where he had been born, forsaking soccer to work in his family's industrial-textile business. "I'm lucky," Brand has said. "I don't need soccer to make a living."

Brand's parents had fled from what is now East Germany to the present West Germany at the end of World War II and had established strong business ties in Canada. Their dislocation taught them to caution their children always to have an anchor out against unpredictable disaster. Thus, when Jack was goalkeeper for the under-18 West German National team, he also studied English, Latin and classical Greek. And when he was still only 17, he was sent to Canada to study at the University of Toronto. Subsequently he became a Canadian citizen, which allows him to qualify as one of the mandatory three North Americans on the Sounders' roster. Similarly, his older brother Dietrich attended Yale and is now a judge in Medicine Hat, Alberta.

While Jack was at the University of Toronto he also minded the nets as an amateur for the Toronto Metros-Croatia (now the Blizzard). In 1976 he was on the Canadian Olympic soccer squad, and in 1977, the year he got his degree in business and finance, Brand played for the Rochester Lancers.

Cosmos Coach Eddie Firmani was impressed by Brand's goaltending when the Lancers shut out the New Yorkers in a regular-season game, and the next year he was in a Cosmos uniform. "The Cosmos shattered every ideal I held as an athlete," Brand says with atypical vehemence. "I was naive, but I believed that the guy who worked the hardest got the job. In training camp Firmani handed out the starting-number shirts. I had No. 1. A few days later he asked for it back. Erol [Yasin, from Turkey, like the team's top brass, Nesuhi and Ahmet Ertegun] was going to start. Pressure from upstairs. I sat there for seven games, and then I went to the press and complained. I started the next game. I wasn't myself at the Cosmos. It was a crazy place and I was caught up in the craziness." Nonetheless, Brand got three shutouts in the playoffs and was in the nets when the Cosmos defeated the Tampa Bay Rowdies 3-1 to win the Soccer Bowl.

Firmani was fired at midseason last year, and soon afterward Brand was traded to Tulsa. The goaltender suspects he was paying for airing his complaints to the press the previous year. Disillusioned and bitter, Brand went to Germany at the end of the 1979 season.

It took three months of weekly phone calls from Hinton to lure Brand back to the game as a Sounder. At the end of one pleading call, Brand sighed and asked evenly, "When do we play the Cosmos?" The answer was July 20, but Brand isn't holding anything back for that game.

In goal for the Sounders, he has been a study in concentration, although he gives an un-Brand-like laugh about that image, saying, "My biggest problem is staying awake back there: our defenders don't give me enough to do." And there is some reason for Brand's self-effacement. Rioch has blanketed opponents with a Scottish thoroughness, and Nish and Ryan overlap as if they had played together for years. Despite their aggressiveness, the Sounders' defenders have been assessed only 19 fouls this season. And when the shots come, Brand certainly hasn't been dozing, having been credited with 45 saves thus far.

When it suits him, Brand can be devout. Two weeks ago, while the Sounders were trouncing the then league-leading Strikers 4-0, he was bumped by his former Cosmos teammate, Maranhao, now a striker for Fort Lauderdale. Brand fell

writhing to the earth. The referee showed Maranhao his second caution card of the game, ejecting him, and Brand suddenly recovered to rack up another shutout. The league office reviewed the game film but took no action. Brand says coolly, "Do I seem like a person who would take a dive? Ridiculous."

Says Hinton, "The key to Jack is that he simply hates to have a goal scored against him. He takes it personally. He's a very classy lad, top-drawer."

"I don't believe that fast hands or feet or big saves make a goalie," says Brand, who seems to be at his best in big games. "The real test is communication. I talk to Rioch, he talks to the midfield. You need it off the field as well."

While with the Cosmos, Brand had suggested that the players socialize more, get to know one another as friends. "Chianaglia vetoed it, said it wouldn't work," he recalls, "but here in Seattle all I value in sports is coming true. Hard work and closeness."

Most of the Sounders live in the same apartment complex in Seattle, and on road trips Hinton has instituted a revolving-roommate plan that not only allows veterans and rookies to get to know each other better but also gives everyone an opportunity to endure the league's leading snorer, veteran Midfielder Al Trost.

Last Saturday in the Kingdom, however, all the Sounders seemed to be snoring for a time. Within 15 minutes, Soccer Midfielder Bernie Gersdorff chipped a goal over the onrushing Brand from 14 yards out to terminate 435 scoreless minutes of play. But Seattle answered in less than two minutes with Mark Peterson's slamming shot from in front.

In the second half, the Sockers scored first again. This time Gersdorff booted the ball past Brand from a crowd in front of the net. A couple of minutes later Seattle Winger Tom Hutchison crossed a slow ball to Peterson, who headed it toward Soccer Goalie Volkmar Gross. Gross punched the ball away, but directly in the right foot of Davies, who evened the score. In overtime Midfielder Frank Barton whistled a shot past Gross in the fifth minute for the Seattle victory.

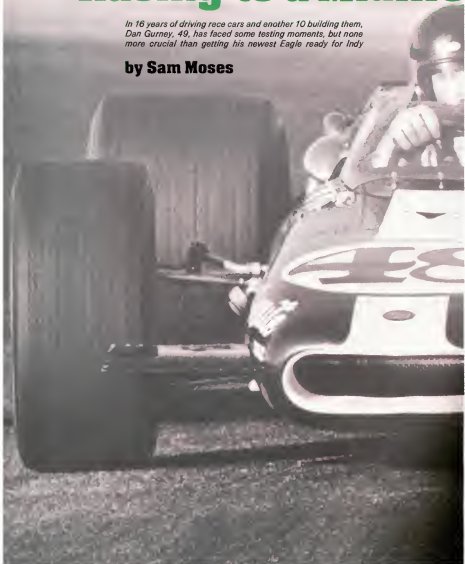
Back in the dressing room, Hinton addressed a homily to no one in particular. "Soccer is such a simple game," he said. "It's made difficult by coaches." If Brand continues to cool the opposition, soccer will remain simple in Seattle, a simple matter of winning.

END

Racing to a Midlife

In 16 years of driving race cars and another 10 building them, Dan Gurney, 49, has faced some testing moments, but none more crucial than getting his newest Eagle ready for Indy

by Sam Moses



Crisis

A portrait of a man with short brown hair, smiling at the camera. He is wearing a red crewneck sweater over a light-colored, vertically striped collared shirt. His arms are crossed. The background is a blurred industrial scene, possibly a refinery or chemical plant, with large storage tanks and piping visible under a hazy sky.

(CONTINUED)

For as long as there has been a Dan Gurney, which is 49 years and change, there has been a Gurney grin. It was often disguised by a half-grimace during Gurney's race-driving years, from 1955 to 1970—his intense-young-man period—but it was undeniably there. As he mellowed over the last decade, the grin became quick, broad and irrepressible. Today it is often accompanied by a short laugh. The grin expresses optimism.

But even as Gurney grins he says things like, "The picture's not bright, but we have hope." He uses the grin with expressions like "whistling in the graveyard." Curious. Lately people have been beginning to wonder, "Why is that man smiling?"

Good question. This has not been an easy month for Gurney. While his competitors were busy at the Indianapolis Motor Speedway practicing for this Sunday's 500, Gurney was 2,000 miles away at his shop in Santa Ana, Calif., up to his elbows in camshafts and piston rings. His mission was to save the 500 for his team, All American Racers. They were at the Buckyard getting Mike Mosley qualified for the event in a radically new Gurney Eagle car whose stock-block Chevy engine was not yet the powerhouse Gurney believes it can be. So he was working night and day at Santa Ana, building what he hoped would be a breakthrough engine for the race: the Chevy refined for glory. It was a formidable task. The standard Indy engine is the turbocharged

Gurney drove his V-12 Eagle to victory in the June 1967 Belgian Grand Prix. It was the first American car to win a GP in 40 years.



English Cosworth V-8, which has powered the last 17 winners of Indy-car races. With a Cosworth pushing, Johnny Rutherford won the pole for this year's race at a speed of 192.256 mph. Despite an oil leak, Mosley got into the field last Sunday in 26th position, at 183.449 mph.

Gurney is taking an enormous gamble with this Eagle-Chevy, for if the car fails, All American Racers could go down with it. The problem is economics. At about \$42,000 per copy, the Cosworth is extremely expensive; the Chevy, at \$14,000, is more like it. Other teams would like to reduce their expenses, too, but Gurney is the first contender with the courage—or the need—to turn away from the dominant Cosworth.

Few have been as faithful to Indy-car



To triumph in Belgium, Gurney had to beat two great racers of his day, Graham Hill and Jackie Stewart, who finished 63 seconds behind



racings over the last 15 years as Gurney, and if its demands should claim All American Racers, it would be a sad irony and a major loss. Gurney twice finished second at Indy as a driver, won in 1975 as an owner with Bobby Unser driving, and last year came in third as an owner with Mosley driving. He contributed significantly to the takeover of the 500 by lightweight rear-engined cars when, in 1963, he helped persuade Ford and the Lotus works in England to build the Lotus-Ford. His 1972 Eagle was so good that 20 of the 33 starters in the 1973 race drove Eagles.

In addition to accomplishing so much at Indy, Gurney built the AAR Formula I Eagles and drove one to victory in the 1967 Belgian Grand Prix. That was the first time an American car had won a world championship race in 46 years. Gurney, the Eagle and All American Racers have been an all-American success story. Why is that man smiling? He has his reasons.

One of the things that has made Gurney a winner is his willingness, almost eagerness, to take risks. "You're either a dummy for trying or a star if you pull it off," he says with a laugh. "So big deal if we end up dummies. It's

continued



Gurney's dominance in the Indy-car field was confirmed in 1975 as Bobby Unser won his second 500 in an Eagle at a rain-slowed average of 149.213 mph

Gurney continued

more fun trying to stay a jump ahead."

The Gurney method of staying a jump ahead has often been considered eccentric, and it has brought failure as well as success. But it has never been anything less than true to the man. In his 16 years at the wheel, he established himself as one of the greatest American drivers of all time, with victories in Grand Prix, sports car, endurance, stock car, Indy car, Can-Am and sedan racing. He was America's best road racer in the '60s, a horse-power-crazy era that is gone but not forgotten.

It is a time etched in the memories of those who were part of the culture so greatly influenced by Gurney. Says H. Allan Seymour II, 36, who watched Gurney win the first of his five Riverside 500 stock-car races, "Growing up here in Southern California and driving over the twisty Orinda highway toward Riverside to watch Dan Gurney was a rite of fall, really. We used to go in this old '47 Chevy sedan with a sofa tied to the roof, playing Beach Boys songs on the radio the whole way over: 409, Little Deuce Coupe, Four on the Floor. I re-

member the first stock-car race there in 1963, Gurney against the Southern drivers. We parked by the Esses and watched them all go through: Joc Weatherly, wearing an Aloha shirt—really, it was yellow with red hibiscus flowers on it—wrestling his Pontiac Catalina with one hand on the steering wheel and the other grabbing the window wing; A.J. Foyt wearing a red bandanna over his face and just punching it through the turns like he was driving a sprint car. And there was Gurney: his black helmet, light blue racing uniform, sitting upright in his seat with his arms outstretched and holding the steering wheel at 10 o'clock and 2 o'clock in the classic Formula 1 driving position, just gliding his Galaxie through the Esses like a hot knife through butter. No one drove through the Esses like Dan Gurney. It was something to see."

Gurney looked pure Southern Californian then, and he does now. Maybe it is the comfortable way he dresses in corduroy slacks and V-neck sweaters and sneakers. Maybe it is the Gary Cooperesque profile and 6' 2", 210-pound physique—25 pounds more than in his racing days, but still looking lean. Maybe it is the blue eyes and blondish hair and smooth face, lacking both whiskers and wrinkles. Maybe it is even that quick grin. But in fact he grew up on Long Island. Gurney's father was a leading bass-baritone in the New York Metropolitan Opera, and his mother hoped her only son would become a doctor or lawyer. An urge to design and talent to construct

continued



Gurney got the No. 1 Ford off quickly at Le Mans in 1967. He and Foyt won, averaging 135.48 mph




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Ground effects on Gurney's 1980 Indy car should improve traction in the turns, free it on the straights.

Gurney continued

is something Gurney may have inherited from his father, who is also a superb cabinet maker. His father designed machinery and invented a ball bearing that bore the Gurney name. What did he get from Mom? Well, says she, a petite, warm woman in her 70s. "When I was 11 years old and out for a drive in my father's car, I would always sit next to him and say, 'Faster! Faster!'"

For Gurney the urge to go faster! faster! came even earlier. At six, when his parents drove past the old Roosevelt Raceway on Long Island, he would roll down a window and listen from the back seat to the sounds of the racing cars inside the stadium. "I still remember that," Gurney says. "Listening to those exotic sounds coming from the stadium, crazy to go in there and feel it all. I guess something was tugging at me even then."

When Gurney was 17, his father decided he had had enough of the opera, and he packed up his family and moved to Riverside, Calif., where he bought an orange grove. Gurney's next few years were like a lot of young men's. He attended two junior colleges, was excited about neither and worked at various jobs.

Riverside at this time was little more than a town with a Spanish mission surrounded by orange groves. On dark summer nights the 19-year-old Gurney would slip behind the wheel of his five-window Deuce coupe, whose roof was chipped so low his crewcut scrubbed the headliner. He would head for the city limits

and the groves, which were connected by dirt roads. Gurney and his buddies would set up detour signs in strategic locations in order to deflect traffic, and build road circuits that meandered between the sweet-smelling trees. They would race around till dawn, kicking up lingering trails of dust illuminated in the night by wedges of light from the headlights of their hot rods.

"We'd gather beforehand at Ruby's drive-in hamburger stand," Gurney recalls. "Guys would drive up with cars that had secret camshafts and carburetors and cylinder heads and fuels and stuff, and they'd all park around the corner until the challenges were made. Mickey Thompson, who was just starting on his hot rod career, was one of them. He was sort of the 'Pigpen' of the group, just hellbent for leather and coated with grease. Then there were the guys we called the Bean Bandits. They were like a family, a group of Mexicans that really went fast. Dyno Don Nicholson came to Ruby's with his brother in a '34 Ford that was like Swiss cheese, it had so many holes in it to make it lighter. It was a fabulous era with tremendous mystique to it, and it was really exciting to me."

Soon came a girl, a marriage and the draft. He spent 18 months in the Army, 16 of them in Korea, and when he returned to Riverside he tried to settle down in a job at an aluminum plant. But that thing tugging at him prevented him from settling down very far, despite the

fact that he had two children now (there would eventually be four in this marriage). After three restless years he was fired because his boss wanted him to make a commitment to aluminum and Gurney only wanted to commit himself to cars.

By 1957 Gurney had five or six sports-car races under his belt, and had managed to promote himself a Ferrari, no less, for a race that fell at Riverside. It would be the first major event at the new road circuit. Though he was unknown, Gurney got the ride in the Ferrari: no one else cared to tangle with the car because its reputation was so nasty. The rich field boasted some of the biggest names of the day—Carroll Shelby, Paul O'Shea, Walt Hansgen, Masten Gregory—in some of the best cars: Maserati, Mercedes, Jaguar, Aston-Martin. After the race, at a raucous victory celebration, the winner, Shelby, said of the novice he had barely beaten, "Dan Gurney is a potential world champion."

Gurney's performance in that infamous and ill-handling Ferrari attracted the attention of none other than Enzo Ferrari, and Gurney was invited to try out for the Ferrari factory team.

"Alone and frightened," as he recalls, he went to Italy, where he was met by Phil Hill, a fellow Californian who would win the world driving championship in a Ferrari in 1961. Hill was already a member of the Ferrari team and his assistance to and acceptance of Gurney marked the beginning of a friendship that remains close today. Gurney was booked into a hotel near the Modena circuit and told he would be called when he was wanted. For the next three days no one said boo. Ferrari was notorious for playing on the doubts of his drivers, and Gurney was as ripe as they came. At long last, on the third evening, he was told, "Be at the autodrome at eight o'clock tomorrow morning."

"It was winter, so when I got to the track it was still pretty dark," Gurney recalls. "It was a heavy, damp, overcast kind of mornning; a lot of people were just sort of standing around with their hands in their pockets. I couldn't talk to anyone because they didn't speak English. There were all these engineers and officials, and Enzo himself, all wearing big old black overcoats with black fedoras and smoking French cigarettes down to a quarter inch. It looked like the Mafia was waiting for me."

continued

A cowboy wearing a red shirt, tan vest, and a cowboy hat is riding a dark horse. He is holding a lasso aloft in his right hand and has a cigarette in his mouth. In the background, a herd of cattle is being herded across a green field.

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"Then out of the gloom comes this bloody transporter. It's got three racing cars on it, and I'm the only driver within sight. I remember thinking, 'This is the real McCoy.'"

The test was a success, and Gurney became a Ferrari team driver in endurance races, competing impressively in 1958 at Le Mans and on the Nürburgring, which, because of its difficulty, became his favorite circuit.

The next year Ferrari tested Gurney again at Modena, this time in the latest Formula 1 car.

"To this day I don't know whether I rolled that car over or not," he says. "I made an error in judgment and spun out, but after that I don't know what happened. I got kind of disoriented. But when the dust settled there was a bunch of grass in the car, and I know that grass didn't come from inside the car."

Before he spun, Gurney had equaled the lap record, still, he considered it a poor test because the car was badly damaged. So he went back to California figuring he had blown it. But his maturity and talent had impressed Ferrari, who offered Gurney a car for the upcoming French Grand Prix. He didn't finish that race, but in the next one, in Germany, he came in second between the other Ferrari team drivers. In two more races that

year he finished third and fourth. "I am staggered by his fantastically quick rise," said Britain's Stirling Moss. The great Argentinian driver Juan Fangio said young Gurney was as good as they come. The press hailed him as the discovery of the year. "There is no visible arrogance in him, nor any mock modesty, either," wrote one reporter.

"I was young and serious and dedicated," says Gurney. "I was willing to go through almost anything for the opportunities. I was hell-bent on going all the way. There wasn't any doubt in my mind what I wanted by then."

Gurney's parents have huge scrapbooks chronicling their son's career and they contain portions of a diary he kept during 1959. One page reads, "Plan each day. Accomplish everything. Do not be late. Be strong. Maintain edge, stay alert. Toughen hands. Will power over all. Be true to self and true to others."

This determined idealism endeared Gurney to Enzo Ferrari, who called him "my big Marine." Ferrari's fondness for Gurney did not, however, encompass enriching him. Ferrari believed that a driver should be thankful for the privilege of racing one of his cars, period. Gurney was given one round-trip ticket to Europe for the 1959 season and was paid \$163 per month, plus half his prize mon-

ey. He had his wife and two children with him, and they lived on a shoestring, traveling between races and countries in a Volkswagen. (Gurney recalls awakening in a cheap hotel in Rouen, France, one night to see bats flying in and out of the open window.)

When Ferrari wouldn't give him a raise in 1960, Gurney signed with the British BRM team. They had offered him \$14,000 a year in advance, and he needed the money. The new BRM was innovative—it was one of the earliest rear-engined designs—and that also attracted Gurney. Ferrari warned Gurney the BRM would never work because the horse should pull the cart, not vice versa, but he let his big Marine go.

Leaving Ferrari would be the first of many unfortunate career decisions. The BRM was an abject failure; out of 27 starts that year, the team had three finishes. "The Ferrari was a much stronger car than I ever gave it credit for," says Gurney. "It was the kind of car you could jump in and just drive your absolute head off. The BRM was liable to fall apart on the starting line. I had thought 1960 would be my year, but I didn't score a single championship point. It was a tremendous disappointment, a bitter pill to swallow. It was just a result of more of my great judgment."

Gurney's "great judgment" probably cost him the world championship. Ferrari won the year after he quit them for BRM. He left BRM for Porsche in 1961 and BRM won the 1962 championship, while Porsche withdrew from Formula 1. He went to Brabham for three years and the year he left a Brabham won the world championship. Yet despite his predilection for moving away from winning cars, despite driving inferior equipment, Gurney won four Grand Prix races and led many more. But often he was the victim of a frenk mechanical failure while leading near the finish. It happened so often that any bad luck in Formula 1 came to be referred to as "Gurney luck." "It's remarkable really, the way writers and fans recognize me," Gurney said at that time, "but I wouldn't blame them if one of these days they woke up and said, 'All right, I love the guy, but when in the hell is the s.o.b. going to win something?'"

Nineteen sixty-six was the year of the birth of All American Racers and the Grand Prix Eagle. Five thousand fans paid \$15 each to join the All American

continued



With Ev and their two children—Justin (left) and Alexander—Gurney remains eternally optimistic

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Racers Eagle Club, which gave the project a truly democratic foundation. The car was built in Gurney's shop in California with American materials, but because the designer was English and the crew included an Australian, a Mexican, and a couple of Frenchmen, Gurney named the team Anglo American Racers. "This land is a melting pot of people who came over here to the American way, and our car has that same melting-pot approach," he would say.

In June of 1967 Gurney drove the Eagle to victory in the Belgian Grand Prix, beating Jackie Stewart by 63 seconds. He averaged 145.67 mph, at the time the fastest Formula 1 race ever. It was the first Grand Prix victory for an American car since 1921.

"The essence of life is to go as fast as you can without getting killed," Gurney has said. During the 16 years he raced, he had only two crashes of significance, neither his fault and neither resulting in serious injury to him. That remarkable safety record is a result of Gurney's awareness of where the fine line between too fast and too slow was. He would investigate other drivers' accidents and often found them to be the result of driver error. He would remember that error and resolve never to make the same one. And unlike many drivers, he would not deny his own fear.

"Once I was coming at this blind turn at 170 miles an hour," he says. "The track was dry at that spot, but it had been raining unpredictably in other places on the course—this was at Spa, a long, hilly circuit in Belgium. So for all I knew it could have been raining around the turn, and if I went in there with it flooded, gambling that it was going to be dry, it would be like taking a pistol with a bullet and—click. Well, that's what I did anyhow. It was dry. But it was such a close call. Afterward I didn't think what I had done was all that bright. Just because it turned out to be dry didn't make it the right decision."

The essence of life is to go as fast as you can without getting killed. "When I was driving, pushing life that far," he says, "I would get up on the morning of a race and I could hear sounds of the household, maybe the kids doing something, sounds I would never notice if it weren't for that race. Maybe I'd smell the coffee in a way I hadn't before, or hear the rain, just humdrum things of

that sort I would appreciate more. I guess that's one of the benefits of being scared stiff," Gurney chuckles.

Despite the maturity that kept him alive on the track, Gurney admits to lapses of maturity on the highway. That is a trait of the deep-rooted race driver: he simply can't stand to be passed.

Says Gurney, "When you're driving, what you're doing is controlled fury. Every good driver has a mean streak. For instance, if I'm sitting at a stoplight and someone gives me a look and I can tell we're going to have it out, I mean it's like drinking a gallon of adrenaline. All of a sudden it . . . just . . . that sort of thing occurs."

Gurney's recognition of this *thing* keeps him from buying fast street cars. "You own a fast car and you just can't resist the temptation to stretch its legs," he says. "Sooner or later there's going to be a cop around the corner." (This from the man who once held the New York-to-Los Angeles record of 35 hours and 54 minutes, co-driving a Ferrari Daytona. When asked how fast he drove, he replied with the Gurney grin, "We never exceeded 175 miles an hour.")

Gurney has never owned an exotic car. He often drives the old white AAR van; his family cars are a Mustang plagued by rust in the cooling system and a Honda Accord that plagues its occupants with an intermittent honk from the short-circuited seatbelt signal. Dan's second wife, Evi, whom he met when he was driving for Porsche and she worked for the manager of the racing team, says, "About three months after we moved into our house our neighbor, a lawyer with a Cadillac and a Mercedes, came over and introduced himself because he wasn't sure we were really the Dan Gurneys. He couldn't figure out why the driveway wasn't always full of racycars. I'm afraid we disappointed him terribly."

That Gurney did not win either the Indy 500 or the world Grand Prix championships is a more acute personal disappointment. "I always thought I was capable of winning them," he says. "I can't deny that I really wanted to win them, and it certainly bothered me that I didn't. But I had the respect of my fellow competitors, my peers. That probably sustained me." A moment that Gurney says means as much to him as any in racing oc-

curred when Jimmy Clark's father took Gurney aside after Clark's funeral in Scotland. Mr. Clark told him that he was the only driver Jimmy ever feared.

Though he never won the 500, the revolutionary swing from front- to rear-engined cars at Indy that began nearly two decades ago was accelerated by Gurney. He had perceived rear-engined cars to be the Indy racers of the future. In 1961, when Jack Brabham, who had twice been world champion in rear-engined Cooper cars, finished ninth at Indianapolis in a Cooper despite having far less horsepower than the American Offenhausers, Gurney was convinced. He brought the Ford Motor Company and Lotus designer Colin Chapman together to make reality out of his idea: a rear-engined Lotus-Ford V-8. In 1963 Chapman entered two of them at Indianapolis, with Jimmy Clark (who would win the world championship that year) and Gurney as drivers. But because Clark was Chapman's regular Lotus driver, Gurney became the No. 2 driver, his Lotus the No. 2 car and their needs the No. 2 priority. He ended up starting the race with a broken valve spring. Clark came in second; Gurney, who feels he had been naive about assuring himself more equitable treatment in the Lotus effort, finished seventh.

Gurney took consolation in the fact that the success of the Lotus-Ford endeavor meant about \$180,000 to him. It remains his big killing in the sport, though it is a relatively modest one.

Gurney has had a series of business setbacks over the years, and the cause has been the same each time: overestimating someone. More of his "great judgment," as he would say. More than simply "Gurney luck." Maybe even a result of being so unwaveringly "true to self and true to others."

"I've always had enough money to satisfy me, and that has probably lulled me into a false sense of security," he says. "There were years where I paid 70% taxes when I never should have, I thought I had the right tax advice at the time. I had an auto-supply business called Checkpoint America started, but my partners never really got it off the ground. I went into an oil deal, All America oil—it was a good product and could have been worth something—but my partner in that got shot by a disgruntled employee he had fired. That brought that thing to a halt. I got into the wheel business, Dan Gurney

continued



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¹ New Haven is but one example of organized anti-arson efforts proving their worth. Seattle, Washington has reduced arson by 30%; Tampa, Florida by 47% in just two years.²

² New Haven's crack Arson Squad is made up of city investigators, prosecutors, and the po-

lice and fire departments. Cities with divided anti-arson forces all too often fail to detect or convict the culprits.

³ Aetna is supplying funds to establish two model anti-arson programs: for New Haven (\$97,000) and for the California District Attorney's Association

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⁴ Connecticut recently passed some of the toughest arson laws in the country, and Aetna is working hard to get such laws in other states. This effort needs the help of every citizen.

Industries, but it was too late with too little capital; and my general manager couldn't handle it anyhow. We're still trying to pay that whole thing off. I got involved in a bicycle-building business with a guy who was a friend of a guy who worked for me, but he wasn't up to it."

Gurney's thoughts turn to another ex-driver, Roger Penske, who has become a wealthy man. "If I were to pick the single thing I admire most about Roger, who's a bright guy anyway, it's that he's figured out how to pluck the right guys out of a pool of nice, aggressive, competent young men and then get the most out of them. I think that has been the reason for my failures."

Penske has gained fame through racing, but his fortune has come from related ventures; Penske racing is subsidized by other Penske enterprises. AAR has no such subsidy; their sponsorship from Theodore Yip is modest. The object of All American Racers is to build successful race cars and sell them. It is the only Indy team that operates this way. Gurney calls himself the "last of the Mohicans." Then he laughs and says, "Or maybe it's the last of the idealists." Gurney has been so much in love with racing and his love has been so pure, it may at times have been blind.

"Part of the problem is that in my idealism, or naïveté, whatever it is, I've tried to keep going in a business that isn't a business," he says. "You wonder why anyone would punish themselves that much. I don't know if our way is realistic or not. I think it's pretty remarkable that we've managed to keep going this long."

How much longer he will be able to keep going depends a lot on how the new Eagle-Chevy fares this Sunday. The Eagle is easily the most innovative car in the Indy field, but that may be a dubious distinction, for the price has been a lack of development time. Not only is the engine a test-bed, but the Eagle chassis is original, unlike that of the pole-winning Chaparral, which is a close copy of the 1978 Formula 1 Lotus. It has a wide front track and no side pods like other ground-effect cars. Surrounding the engine behind the rear wheels is a big box, which creates a down-force that keeps the car snugly on the track. It is an odd creature, but handsome; with its forward cant toward

widely spaced front wheels and its rearward bulk and slim sides, it looks something like a sphinx.

The other ground-effect cars create a vacuum under the entire car. The big drawback, however, is that the car is sucked to the straights as well as the turns, which slows it down. The theory behind the Eagle's big box is that it will give the car traction in the turns, yet free it on the straights.

"I think we've got a good car," says Gurney. "The crew feels very bullish about it. If we get this Chevy to put out the power we expect and run the distance, we'll be in pretty good shape. I think one decent performance will change the complexion of things, and we'll even get the sponsor we need. Right now we're in an awkward selling climate." He sighs. "It's hard for us to generate much faith in us at the moment." He laughs.

"It was so much simpler when I was just driving," he continues wistfully. "There were no problems with running a company or paying bills. All I had to do was concentrate on driving. I had a real excuse to dial it all out."

Maybe it was an uncontrollable urge to "dial it all out" that caused him to enter the Riverside 500 stock car race last January. "I'm a victim of my own nostalgia," Gurney said, trying to explain what he was doing there, 10 years after he had retired, racing at Riverside once more for old times' sake. "There's an excellent chance I'll get laughed out of the park, but I'm willing to take whatever comes," he said, a statement that characterized the way he has lived his life. But in his heart, he added, he felt he could run with the leaders or else he wouldn't be there.

Because of rain during practice, Gurney had gotten only about 20 minutes behind the wheel of his Monte Carlo, yet that thing still seemed to be there, tugging him to the seventh-fastest qualifying position.

On the morning of the race people in the pits and grandstands were wearing buttons that said GURNEY FOR PRESIDENT. Painted in big white letters on the track in Turn 6, in front of the grandstand that could be called Gurney's Gallery, was the encouragement GO GURNEY.

As he walked to the starting line, Gurney looked like a rich gentleman sports-car driver, as if he would stride in his

springy, long-legged lope over to a silver Aston-Martin roadster, slip on kidskin gloves one finger at a time, comb his sandy hair in the rearview mirror and wink at a beautiful lady. And then he put on the famous black helmet, the result of his childhood fantasizing about being a jousting knight in shining black armor.

Gurney used the early laps to settle into a groove. Then he began to move up, slowly, first past his teammate Dale Earnhardt, then past Bobby Allison and Darrel Waltrip when they had mechanical problems, then past Dave Mercer.

It all came back when he hooked up with Marcis. That gallon of adrenaline hit him, and it splattered the spectators all the way from the Esses to Turn 6. Gurney had been pressuring Marcis for eight laps, and Marcis finally made an error as they went into the Esses, six weaving, 100-mph turns. Marcis went straight off the track to his left in the first turn but shot back onto the track in the next, directly into Gurney's path. Instead of slowing down, Gurney drove off the track, to the right. Still not under control, Marcis drove off to the left again, and they were both off the track now, dirt billowing behind them as they raced for Turn 6. Bursting onto the track from a cloud of orange desert dust came Gurney, ahead of Marcis, who was still shaking his head as he crossed the GO GURNEY sign painted on Turn 6. "I knew Marcis would come back onto the track in front of me, so I just said, 'I'm coming through!'" Gurney commented. As the fan of the '60s had said, "No one could go through the Esses like Dan Gurney. It was something to see."

But Gurney luck would strike again, on Lap 79, with Gurney in third behind Richard Petty and Cale Yarborough. It was probably the excursion into the dirt that had chipped a tooth on his gearbox, which now offered him only neutral. He coasted to a stop in Turn 6, where his gallery was still buzzing over the pass of Marcis. From the stands streamed a trail of kids who weren't even born the last time Dan Gurney drove, and they latched onto him as if he were a Pied Piper, to the bewilderment of Dan's five-year-old son Alexander, who had run down and was now swept along with them. The crowd cheered until Gurney climbed to the top of a motor home. He stood there wearing that huge, optimistic, Gurney grin as they cheered him still. **END**

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ON THE SCENE

by STEVE RAYMOND

FOR THE UPRIGHT ANGLER, THE PROPER FOOTWEAR IS NEEDED TO WADE RIGHT IN

Most trout or steelhead fishermen will tell you that wading is one of the keenest pleasures of their sport. They speak eloquently of feeling the gentle strength of the river, of the subtle sounds and colors of its current, of the exhilaration that comes from gliding gracefully across a broken stretch of bright water sparkling in the sunshine.

Like most fishermen, they are probably lying. The truth is that while wading they are nearly always on the thin edge of panic, shivering from the icy flow and their own rising fears, stumbling from one hidden slippery boulder to the next, wondering how they ever got themselves into such a predicament. But their exhilaration is real enough: it comes from getting out of the river alive.

Why bother wading in the first place? Because steelhead, arge trout and other river-dwelling sport fish don't always lie close to the riverbank or even within reach from shallow water. To approach them properly with a fly or lure may require considerable wading in deep, difficult water.

It looks easy enough, but that's only because the hazards aren't usually visible. Rocks on river bottoms acquire thin coats of algae that make them slicker than a Southern California used-car salesman, and currents always are stronger than they look. Some streams have more algae growth than others, which means slicker rocks. Some have a steeper gradient, which means stronger flows. Small streams generally are pretty safe; they may have slick rocks but there's hardly enough water to drown in. Rivers can frighten you, get you soaking wet, knock you around, bruise you—even kill you.

Streams with lots of algae-covered ledge rock are very hazardous, and perhaps the ultimate test is a big winter steelhead river like Washington's Skagit, where the water temperature isn't much above freez-

ing and the rocks are slick all year long. Even with insulated waders, one's legs grow numb in such water, making it more difficult to cope with the strong winter flow and the slippery, broken bottom. Wading in such a river is a test of agility, endurance and skill.

Over the years, fishermen have spent lots of time and effort trying to improve wading gear to maximize comfort and minimize exposure to cold water. Nowadays they use boot-foot or stocking-foot waders or hip boots made of various lightweight materials, or simply "wade wet." Hip boots are good only for shallower streams. Wading wet, which usually means wearing jeans and tennis shoes, is O.K. if you're less than middle-aged, lack a history of football-damaged knees and fish only on warm summer days. That leaves waders, which extend above the waist and are held up by a belt secured around the outside.

Boot-foot waders have a sturdy pair of boots bonded to the legs. Stocking-foot models are just what the name implies; they have soft, stocking-like feet, and wading shoes must be worn over them to prevent punctures and protect the feet from stone bruises.

But waders of any kind aren't much good if you can't stay upright in them,

so fishermen have tried a lot of different things on the bottoms of their feet in hope of gaining better traction. Probably the most common of these traction devices are the rubber cleats many manufacturers mold into the soles of boot-foot waders and hip boots. These are good for digging claws on a sandy beach, but not for much else. Among serious fishermen, felt soles are much more popular. They provide surprisingly good traction on algae-slickened rocks.

The trouble with felt is that it's always either wearing out or coming unglued from the sole of the boot. It's also especially vulnerable to sharp rocks. The Lower Deschutes River in Oregon, for example, flows over a bed of basalt rocks with edges sharp enough to shave with. In only four days of fishing on the Deschutes, I once wore out two brand-new sets of felts, the razor-sharp rocks cut them to pieces.

Some fishermen use indoor-outdoor carpet as a substitute for felt. Odd-shaped remnants of it often cost less than felt, and a standard-sized carpet sample is large enough for a couple of "reshoes," unless you have exceptionally large feet. It's simple enough to trace a pattern from your boot on the carpet, cut it out and glue it on. Carpet provides traction equal to that of felt, but, also like felt, it tends to wear out quickly and come unstuck.

Metal studs, or lugs, wear longer than felt or carpet and provide better traction by cutting through layers of algae to grip the underlying rock. Their main disadvantage is that they are noisy: to the fish, a studded angler must sound like the Pittsburgh Steelers clattering down the tunnel to the playing field. Still, anglers who fish often in big, dangerous rivers swear by studs, and they are especially popular with steelhead fishermen in the Pacific Northwest.

There are several kinds of metal studs to choose from. One manufacturer turns out rubber sandals with metal studs jutting from the soles. Called Korkers, they were originally developed for longshoremen who work on slippery docks and ship decks, but they caught on quickly with anglers. Put on over a pair of boot-foot waders or wading shoes and secured with helty nylon laces, they provide such good traction that it's easy for a fisherman to

continued



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DEWAR'S PROFILE

A thirst for living... a taste for fine Scotch.



BILL BROWN

BORN: Lebanon, Ohio, 1927

HOME: Blue Chip Farms, Wallkill, N.Y.

PROFESSION: General Manager of one of the most highly regarded horse-breeding farms in the world

TRACK RECORD: Offspring of the stallions on farms managed by Mr. Brown have earned well over \$100 million in purses. His greatest champion produced a crop of 2- and 3-year olds which won, in 1978, more purses than any comparable crop by any stallion of any breed in the history of horse racing

HORSE SENSE: "I'm a believer in conformation, in the build and proportions of a horse. A solid family history of early speed and soundness is important—and more so on the mare's side than many breeders will admit—but generally a good horse just plain looks like a good horse."

SCOTCH: Dewar's "White Label,"™ on the rocks. "I came to New York to do things my way. And that's when I moved to Dewar's."

William Brown

ON THE SCENE (CONTINUED)

grow overconfident and wade where he shouldn't. Another drawback is that they can be sucked right off a fisherman's feet if he's wading in very soft mud or silt—sometimes without his even knowing it.

Another metal traction device, called Stream Cleats, consists of rectangular aluminum cleats arranged in zigzag rows on felt soles that are attached to heavy-duty-rubber overshoes. The overshoes may be slipped over regular wading shoes; despite the absence of laces, they stay on relatively well. Orvis manufactures felt-soled waders prefitted with hexagonal metal lugs that also provide excellent traction. And for do-it-yourselfers, there are Rock Grabbers, felt soles fitted with small aluminum studs that may be glued to the bottom of wading shoes or boot-foot waders.

With such elaborate gear, it would seem anglers should be able to wade safely just about anywhere, maybe even walk up the sides of buildings. But it's easy to underestimate the power of a river, and even the most careful, experienced wader with the best equipment can get into trouble. Usually it happens so quickly there's no time to react: one moment you're wading comfortably and enjoying yourself, the next moment the river is carrying you off.

There's a tendency to panic and do the wrong thing in such situations. The icy shock of water pouring into your waders tends to add to your feeling of desperation and provokes a natural urge to start thrashing around.

But you can't fight a river, so the best advice is to join it. Once the current has got you, relax, hold still and try to keep yourself in a more or less upright position. Dog-paddle, if necessary, but don't kick, the flow will hold you up. Then all you do is wait for the river to sweep you back into shallow water or within reach of a low-hanging branch. The river may even stand you back on your feet in the shallows. The whole thing actually can be a pleasant experience if it happens on a hot summer day. If it happens in winter... well, it's a good idea to carry some matches in a waterproof container.

Wading in big, cold angry rivers is easier if you keep in good physical shape. And once you have challenged them and won, you can speak of the keen pleasures of wading, the exhilaration that comes from gliding gracefully across a broken stretch of bright water in the sunshine—all that stuff

END

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OUR PLANET (CONT.)

Sir:

In his status report on environmentalism (*Whether the Earth?* May 5), Jerry Kirshenbaum makes clear that environmentalists are not trying to stop progress, but to make sure that progress follows life-supporting—rather than life-threatening—paths. When environmentalists oppose, they usually propose as well.

For example, as an alternative to perilous man-made nuclear power, we environmentalists are pushing for energy efficiency and full utilization of that one safe nuclear reactor, the sun. Instead of damming rivers and destroying natural resources with monumental federal boondoggles—e.g., the Dickey-Lincoln project in Maine and the Deme Dam in Arizona—we contend that more energy can be produced and floods can be controlled more effectively by using existing dams. Instead of employing deadly pesticides to protect crops, we believe it is often feasible to use benign biological controls. Instead of indiscriminately killing wild animals and poisoning our environment, we think coyote predation can be curtailed by targeting only those few animals that actually do kill sheep or, better yet, by using nonlethal methods to protect livestock, such as sheepherders and guard dogs. Instead of filling in and paving wetlands, we contend that greater environmental and economic benefits can be derived by leaving them alone.

It is a matter of working with nature, not against it. To say, as Senator Hatch does, "Environmentalists are against everything" is to misunderstand the Earth Day movement.

RUSSELL W. PETERSON

President

National Audubon Society

New York City

Sir:

That was a well-written report on the environment by Jerry Kirshenbaum, but I was surprised you did not include the following quote by Dr. Paul Ehrlich of Stanford University: "It is the top of the ninth inning. Man, always a threat at the plate, has been hitting Nature hard. It is important to remember, however, that Nature bats last."

DAVID A. LANG

Pleasant Hill, Calif

Sir:

Jerry Kirshenbaum is obviously on the side of the environmentalists, and, in my opinion, his article presents a heavily biased view of the status of environmental concerns in the U.S. He tries to give his article credibility by describing Momoata Chairman John W.

Hanley, whose quote supports Kirshenbaum's premise, as "no flower child." Yet when it comes to Washington Governor Dray Lee Ray, whose words do not back up Kirshenbaum's point of view, he mentions that her political rivals refer to her as "Madame Nuke."

At the beginning of the article Kirshenbaum states, "The issue isn't whether steel mills will be built—of course they will—but how to keep them as clean as possible." Later on he mentions that U.S. Steel announced last November that it would fully or partially close 16 plants. Well, if U.S. Steel is closing all of those plants, what makes him think there are going to be any new ones? Maybe the issue is whether steel mills will be built.

In other parts of the article he says environmentalists are unhappy with President Carter for "giving the timber industry the go-ahead to cut trees faster than they can be replenished" and that in Maine they are "fighting the proposed Dickey-Lincoln Dam." Yet he subsequently mentions wood as an alternative to conventional energy and says that Carter's goal of supplying 20% of the nation's energy needs with renewable resources, including wood and hydroelectric power, by 2000 is attainable. Where does he think wood and hydroelectric power come from?

Certainly, Kirshenbaum has a right to voice his opinion. I just don't think that *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* is the proper medium for such a biased viewpoint.

CHARLES E. WILDER

Austin, Texas

Sir:

While I am not a fisherman, I certainly enjoyed reading the article about muskies (ichthyological, not political) much more than I did Kirshenbaum's pointless and inconclusive diatribe.

A.R. MARTIN

Peach Springs, Ariz

FISH STORIES

Sir:

William Oscar Johnson's article, *That Muskie Madness* (May 12), brought back many wonderful memories. When I was a boy growing up in Peoria, Ill., my family reserved a cabin on the Chippewa Flowage each summer. Although we usually had abundant success fishing for walleyes and crappies, we spent many exceedingly frustrating and fruitless hours casting for muskies. Even so, all it took to get us to scurry for our poles was the toll of the bell at Herman's Landing signaling the triumph of man over muskie.

Although I never did get so much as a bite my father finally landed his keeper with, of all things, a No. 2 hook and a night crawler

When he brought his muskie into the bar at Herman's Landing and gave the bartender the vital information, including the bait and tackle used, which was dutifully recorded on a blackboard set up for this purpose, he received only scowls from the seasoned muskie veterans. Only a couple of college students, swigging beer, appreciated the irony and howled with laughter.

DOLG GUENDEL

Meriden, Conn

Sir:

Your article on muskies is by far the best I've ever read in the eight years my family has subscribed to your magazine. Living near Chautauque Lake, I've seen some big muskie catches—the longest fish having been 62 inches. But rumor has it that there's a six-foot monster lurking in "the deep."

KEELY L. KILMARTIN

Fairport, N.Y.

Sir:

Eleven pages! I couldn't believe it. You spent 11 pages on a fish story.

STEVE PRALL

Burlington, Iowa

RUSS OF ALL TRADES

Sir:

E.M. Swift's fine article on the incomparable Russ Francis (*A Tight End Who Hangs Real Loose*, May 12) gave short shrift to the facts of Francis' javelin career, while at the same time adding a legendary element to his javelin throwing that just doesn't wash.

Saying that Francis "set the national high school javelin record" is like saying that Bob Beamon was a good long jumper. In a sport where records don't last long, Francis' still stands, the oldest prep field-event record on the books. More remarkable is the manner in which he set the record. Russ had "never seen" a javelin until March 29 of his senior year in high school (1971). In his *ninth* meet he threw a high-school-record 253' 1" (no other high schooler has reached that distance yet). Between that and his ultimate throw of 259' 9" came another record of 254' 11".

It's there that Francis' notable javelin successes end, however, as he never again threw more than 250 feet and never qualified for the Olympic Trials, much less "just missed" the Olympic team, as Swift reports.

GARRY HILL

Managing Editor

Track & Field News

Los Altos, Calif.

Sir:

I enjoyed the story about Russ Francis learning to freefall. However, you made a mistake in the picture caption. The man shown

continued

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19TH HOLE continued

freefalling with Russ is my son, Meric Clawson, not Mike Gemini.

MERIC CLAWSON Sr.
Manitard, Fla.

READING 'N' RHYTHMIC Sir,

Thank you very much for Ralph Graves' fine NOSTALGIA piece in the May 12 issue. Although I learned to read before I became a baseball fan, batting averages and ERAs played an invaluable part in my early math training. My childhood, though it was not so long ago, was in the days before electronic calculators, so I became handy with a slide rule while most of my friends were still struggling with the intricacies of the multiplication tables.

By the way, I can sympathize with Graves' frustration. The ineptness of his beloved Nats is matched only by the futility of my Indians. Had I been born two years earlier, I would at least have been able to claim that I was alive during the Tribe's last pennant-winning season (1954). And please don't mention the World Series.

HARLEY CAHEN
Cleveland

EVERYBODY INTO THE POOL

Sir,

In his letter (19TH HOLE, May 12) David Prybyls said that South Orange-Maplewood, N.J.'s Columbia High may have been the first high school in the U.S. to have an indoor swimming pool—installed in 1936.

I've got news for him. I swam in the Lakewood (Ohio) High pool in 1932. At that time the pool had been in use for a few years, and I believe it was built in the late 1920s.

R. H. MERRINCH JR.
Mamaroneck, N.Y.

Sir,

I disagree with David Prybyls. East Orange (N.J.) High had an indoor pool in the '20s and, as I recall, several state champion swimmers in that era.

IVAR C. AARHOLM
Lynnfield, Mass.

• Research by school officials reveals that David Prybyls' memory was a bit faulty. David Wade, district director of health, physical education and athletics, says that the Columbia High pool was constructed in 1926, not 1936, and "became functional" in 1927. Lakewood High's pool, which, like Columbia's, is still in operation, was opened in 1928, according to Swimming Coach Bill Dorsch and Buildings and Grounds Department Secretary Ruth Henshaw. However, East Orange High's pool, which is no longer in use, predated both Lakewood's and Columbia's by several years. Assistant Superintendent of East Orange Public Schools Morgan Loesch says that it was built in 1922.—ED

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